To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply unsgracious in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

The evening of Thursday of last week will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell at their splendid house in the Park. Carbrooke is so large a house that a hundred and twenty or so of guests was not more than enough to prevent its looking the least bit empty. It is delightful to be at a dance without being in the least crowded or cramped in any place whatever. Not even in the hall, so often a pit fall which comes near ruining so many a ball, was there any of this sort of discomfort. In the large dining room one could sup in comfort, while the spacious ball room would not have been overcrowded by twice the number of guests. No trouble had been spared in the preparing of numberless nooks and recesses, and full advantage had been taken of the special facilities which the house offered in this respect. I believe if all who were present had wished to sit out the same dance a separate alcove, or room, or corner, could have been found for each couple. A special word must be said about the dancing floor, in order that future hostesses, should they find themselves in a similar predicament, may profit by Mrs. Campbell's successful experiment. So anxious was this kind hostess to provide as good a floor as possible that her efforts thereto had been slightly overdone, and at a late hour on Thursday the boards of the ball room were found to be sticky rather than slippery. What was to be done? By a master stroke Mrs. Campbell secured the success of her party and provided a floor which has not been surpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, this season. A dancing carpet of fine linen was hurriedly procured and stretched very tightly over the bare boards. New linen over the ordinary thick carpet makes, as everybody knows, a very indifferent floor, but all dancers who were at Carbrooke on Thursday will bear me witness that the linen there afforded very excellent dancing.

A good idea was that of shading all the gas lights with red shades, thus affording a subdued and most becoming light. Such a contrast to the brilliant glare of a certain ball-room last week. Think of this, oh fair hostesses of the future, and profit by so excellent an example; but remember also that, though lights in other quarters can hardly be too dim and low, yet your ball-rooms and your supper-rooms can easily be made too dark. There is a happy medium, which you should strive to find.

With joys such as I have described, and with the fact that the fairer sex were outnumbered by the men by at least a dozen, and with very fair music by Mr. Bayley and a contingent of the Citizens' band, it was small wonder that a pressing invitation not to hurry away was not disregarded, and that when the programme was finished extra-extra succeeded extra-extra, till the limbs of the dancers and the fingers of the musicians were exhausted, and only because it was so, even at half-past two, did the former class bid their farewells and seek their homes. "The nicest dance of the season" is in such a season as this has been high praise indeed, but several times I have heard the words used of the memorable ball at Carbrooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's guests were of that little portion of society, the members of which are so well contented with one another that, without forming a clique, they yet do not greatly wish to roam beyond the fragile walls that bound them, nor to push those walls further apart in order to enlarge their self-sufficing circle. I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. Thomas, Miss Burton, Mr. George Burton, Miss Yarker and Miss Maude Yarker, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Napier Robinson, Dr. Allan Baines, Mr. Dixon Patterson, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Cayley, the Misses Wragge, Mr. Heaton, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Boulton and Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Miss Benson and Miss Emily Benson, Messrs. Shanly, Arthur Boulton, Christopher Boulton, Cassimer Dickson, Roberts, Hume Blake, Tilley, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Todd, Miss Minnie Morris, Miss Gregg, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Alice Heward, Captain Sears, Miss Otter, Miss Hoskins, Mr. Hoskin, Mr. Cronyn.

The Highland Schottische which has for long, I believe, held a place in ball programmes in England, but which even last year was rarely seen at dances in Toronto, has this year apparently taken a firm hold on society's favor. At Mrs. Campbell's ball it was danced with unusual verve and abandon to its own proper music. When the time for the dance arrived, that harsh, yet musical, and unmistakable bray of the pipes disturbed loungers in upper halls and sitting-room, and brought everybody down to admire a highlander in correct kilt and tartan, and if they knew the steps to tire themselves out to the music of his bagpipes.

A meet of the Toronto sleighing club took place, as usual, last Saturday. The drive was once more to the Eagle hotel at Weston. A large turnout had been expected, but another very cold afternoon and evening again kept many people at their firesides. Between thirty and forty members was, however, not a bad number. It is a pity that there is no other place as well suited for the requirements of the club in a northerly or easterly direction, that there might be more variety in their drives. People will begin to tire of the same road, the same bill of fare at dinner, the same dancing and roller skating Saturday after Saturday. For the sake of change, and at the invitation of Captain Sears, the drive to-day will be in the afternoon to the Humber or further, returning for tea at the quarters of the above-named gallant officer. But an afternoon drive is not by any means the same thing as one that does not finish till late at night.

The favored few who have been asked to Miss Marjorie Campbell's leap-year dance on the 6th, are all agog over the event. I have heard that programmes have already been partially made up. But is it true? Should not this event have taken place on the 29th of February? True, the cold hand of Lent will then be upon us, but since it is so "very small" would it not pass? The marriageable men of Toronto are too modest and lingering. Weddings have lately been few and far between, and one hears of few announced engagements, though more than one is talked of. But surely with the tables so turned and the ordinary state of things so reversed as would be the case at a leap-year ball on leap-year day, fruitful results could not fail to ensue.

Why do the Trinity College literary society call their annual ball a conversazione? It is a dance pure and simple, and always a pleasant one, though crowds be great and results sometimes painful. One of the most terrible experiences of the kind I ever went through was at this event two years ago, when I was an unwilling participant with some hundred fellow men in a scramble for coats and hats so disturbing that it became almost a free fight. I hope on Tuesday next the T. C. L. S. will remember that many of their guests are young, and so cannot be expected to wait patiently for long, and that, therefore, with so much space at their disposal, they will provide more than one narrow wicket at which wraps are to be taken in and given out.

The first two of the three public lectures on Friday afternoons at Trinity have been highly successful and popular. Large numbers of people, including a good sprinkling of fashion have availed themselves of the provost, Mr. Body's, invitation. Yesterday an antidote against too much instruction or mental exertion, like that of Mrs. Goldwin Smith, after the professor's lectures on Wednesdays, was provided by Mrs. John Strachan and the Misses Strachan at their charmingly pretty and artistic house north of the college. Tea and chat leavened the learning that foreran it.

Among those entertained at dinner at Mr. Justice Burton's on Wednesday evening were Miss Meyers, Miss Gregg, Miss Robertson of Hamilton, and Miss Wragge. Mr. Dickson Patterson, who took in Mrs. Burton, and Mr. Darling, were also present.

Mr. and Mrs. Beatty's dance on Tuesday was very enjoyable. The guests were comparatively limited in number, and this was well, for the capacity of the ball-room is also limited. It is most unusual in Toronto to find so large a majority of men over ladies as was the case at this party. Never before have I seen so many masculine wall flowers here. There were, perhaps, almost too many. A well-stretched linen made a good dancing floor, though it would have been better still if the carpet underneath had been removed. Mr. Bayley and a portion of the Citizens' band played well, although a good deal of the music was perhaps a little old, and they might have put a little more swing and vim into their work. There was a good sprinkling of dowagers and a fair number of that very youthful element of which I have spoken lately. People left for the most part comparatively early, for which they, no doubt, felt thankful next morning. As I predicted, two or three enthusiasts managed two balls in the same evening, and having done the long drive to Mashquotah and danced there, drove back to the park and would have danced again had not partners been scarce and their cards early filled.

Among Mrs. Beatty's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Miss Spratt, Mr. William Spratt, Mr. Alfred Cameron, Miss Maud Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Hoples, Mr Hollyer, the Misses Todd, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Miss Maude Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Miss Dawson, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Fox, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Manning, Miss Vickers, Mr. Vickers, Miss Cumberland, Capt. Macdougall, Miss Madge Ince, Mr. Ince.

Once more has society burnt its fingers. Only the other day it was Ballantyne, alias Hunt, alias Gordon, and whose right name was Baily, a really high-class swindler, and who victimized people in a gentlemanly way. Now it is Signor Ramponi, a teacher of his native language, of dancing, etc., who appears to have stolen diamond rings and silver cigarette cases from a dressing-room in the house of his host. It really seems that any stranger who comes without credentials or introduction of any value, so long as he looks and speaks like a gentleman, is received with open arms by our exclusive society. Nay, without these qualifications; the mere fact that he is a stranger appears to be enough. His Italian accent covered any faults in the signor's speech, but I am surprised that people should have been deceived by his looks. Of course they may breed gentlemen differently in Italy, but according to the Anglo-Saxon standard, and judging by looks alone, I should have denied the title to the light-fingered stranger. Happy thought! Perhaps he suffers from kleptomania.

Mr. George Belford's recitals on the first two days of this week stirred up the literary and more substantial element of Toronto society, and I was gratified to see such apparent appreciation of talent. Mr. G. Mercer Adam's presence would be a preconceived fact, He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Adam. Besides there were Canon Dumoulin, Mr. and Miss Dumoulin, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. McMurray, Miss Meredith, Mr. Arch. McLean, Mr. Walter Read, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. C. H. Greene, Mrs. H. B. Greene, Dr. and the Misses Gelkie, Miss Hawke, Miss Manning, Miss Dupont with a contingent from her school, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Mr. Hume Blake, Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, Mr. Harry Gamble, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Miss Bunting. On Tuesday night I saw Canon Dumoulin, Miss and Mr. Dumoulin, the Misses Greene, Mrs. John Heward, Capt. Meredith Heward, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Charles Riordon, Miss Hill, Miss Gilmour, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Fred Gillespie, Mrs. R. H. Bethune. Miss Bethune, Mr. Walter Wilson, Miss M. Elwell, Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Leach, Mrs. Heinamen.

Miss Louie Strathy of Kingston is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Sterling, John street.

Miss Milligan, Dundas street, gave (will give as I write) a dance on Friday, 3rd inst.

Mrs. Nevitt, 164 Jarvis street, invited a few friends to afternoon tea last Saturday week, amongst whom were Mrs. John Young, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oates, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Adam Wright, Miss Wright, Miss Amy Strathy, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Harry Webster, the Misses Foy, Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. Llewelyn Robertson, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Fannie Wright and many others.

Those who enjoyed Mrs. Cumberland's hospitality on Jan. 25th were numerous, but these only can I remember. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. James Stirling, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. H. Paterson, Mr. W. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, the Misses Spratt, Mr. B. Spratt, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss A. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Bunting, Miss Amy Dupont, Miss and Dr. Theodore Covernton, Misses Mary and Emma Armstrong, Miss Dawson, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Miss Ethel Vickers, Mr. Vickers, Mrs. Kinz of Lindsay, Messrs. Roberts, Heaton, Cartwright, Stinson, Dickson Patterson, Andrews, George and Sidney Ford-Jones, Mr. Fred McQueen of Woolstock, Willoughby Crooks, Capt. Gamble Geddes, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Scott.

Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Cumberland's daughter, wore one of the handsomest gowns, Nile-green with white embroidered net drapery, and quantities of handsome real lace. Mrs. George Ryerson's was also one of the smartest gowns. It was pale olive green plush, exquisitely draped with heliotrope of the shade of peach bloom. Mrs. Strathy's frock was brown net over gold satin. The white satin brocade of Mrs. Cattanach was seen to great advantage by the variety of ornaments and diamonds. Mrs. Armour wore her wedding dress. Mrs. Harry Peterson arrayed herself in black with heliotrope feathers on this occasion. Miss Beattie also was in black with terra cotta bodice and ribbons. Miss McCarthy, heliotrope. Mrs. Stuart Heath, black silk. Miss Annie Vankoughnet chose gray—gray cashmere, silk and feathers, and did not choose amiss. Mrs. Nordheimer donned her Marguerite gown—yellow and white lace with Marguerites. Miss Salter of Brantford was in scarlet silk and gauze and looked remarkable pretty.

Mrs. W. A. Baldwin of Mashquotah gave her last ball in the old family residence on Tuesday evening, to introduce her daughter, the most recent debutante. Houses like the one at Mashquotah, with large square halls and long rooms, can be more easily, conveniently and comfortably arranged for dancing parties, and, as in this case, the necessary concomitant delights—music, floor and partners—were real delights. Nothing was to be regretted except that another such ball would hereafter be impracticable, as the property is soon to be utilized by the Government for the rebuilding of Upper Canada College. The night was warm, and, notwithstanding the questionable comfort of a long drive in wraps which deny one the relief of an easy posture, this drive was, except, perhaps, under exasperatingly tiresome circumstances, quite enjoyable. Those who ventured to find it so were many, although there were rival enjoyments in the city, and amongst them I remarked Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Fred. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Dr. and Mrs. James Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gowanlock, Mrs. Rogers, Rev. T. Patterson, Miss Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Mickle, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, the Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, the Misses Larratt Smith, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Miss Alice Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Hector, Miss Connie Cumberland, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Miss Whitney, Mr. Gus Whitney, Miss O'Brien, Miss McCloud, Mr. Dunstan, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Sears, Miss Oates, Mr. W. Oates, Mr. Mickle, Miss Ince, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, the Misses Headley, the Messrs. Stephen and Robert Baldwin, Miss Adelaide Sullivan, Miss Moss. Among the strangers there were Miss Arlagh, Miss Moberly of Collingwood, Miss Ross of Liverpool, Eng., Miss Yarwood of Belleville, Miss Prince, Dr. and the Misses Hillary, Miss Kirkpatrick. Millinery on this occasion was made conspicuous by the predominence of black and entire absence of red. One of the handsomest gowns of the season was worn by Mrs. St. George Baldwin—yellow watered silk train and bodice, with a front panel of a striped cream silk and yellow plush. Mrs. James Baldwin's was also beautiful—fawn-colored silk bodice and train, petticoat and sleeves of white and ruby brocade, and pink roses. Another pretty gown noticed was of the old and yet sometimes effective combination—black and white. The skirt was draped with black lace over a white silk foundation, and the bodice the same, with the train of white silk hems in heavy folds, a yard or so behind. The usual belles graced the ball-room, but in addition the second Miss Headley was accorded distinction; also Miss Ross, who has a handsome and stylish appearance. Dancing was kept up until an unusually late hour, the streets presenting quite a lively appearance up till half-past three, and even four o'clock.

Mrs. Howland, 217 McCaul street, had (will have as I write) a tea on Friday, January 3rd.

Mrs. Gibson, 66 St. Albans street, will be At Home from four to six o'clock, to a large circle of friends on Wednesday, February 8th.

Mrs. Douglas Armour has had her hands full receiving almost countless numbers of callers last—and some this, week. Each day she has held a perfect levee and indeed under what circumstances could one more perfect be held? Charming hostess not awkwardly, nervously, or shyly new to the position, charmingly dressed, assisted by delightfully entertaining companions, in one of the most tastefully and artistically arranged houses of any bride in Toronto. Mrs. Armour's taste in her choice of a gown to receive in is in harmony with her surrounding—a pretty soft, pink silk with bands of brown velvet, and velvet trimmings. Her two sisters, the Misses Tilley and Madeline Spratt, and Miss Connie Cumberland dispense the exhilarating cup that cheers but not inebriates, and under its innocent influence have overcome the formality of a bridal reception and turned Mrs. Armour's new establishment into a retreat in which wearied afternoon callers revive themselves with a really pleasant chat, after the tedium of making a round of visits.

Mrs. Beecher (the Homewood), Wellesley street, gave a very pleasant At Home last Wednesday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. and the Misses Kemp, Rev. John and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, Mrs. Williamson and Miss Kenyon, Mr. and the Misses Osler, the Misses Macklem, Mr. Cyril Cassels, Mr. Macklem, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Culverwell, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Proctor and Miss Ella. As usual, the gentlemen were rather fewer than the ladies. Why is it gentlemen dislike afternoon receptions, at homes and teas?

The Vanderbilts are setting the fashion in New York of what has long been a custom in English society, that of hiring notable professional people to amuse the guests at private entertainments. At the afternoon reception given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt a couple of weeks ago her professional talent cost her about $6,000, little Josef Hofmann having been lent for the occasion for $3,000, and Lielli Lehmann having sung on the occasion. At another of the Vanderbilt receptions the boy cornetist and other people played and sang on Monday, so that this sort of thing is soon likely to become quite the vogue. It will serve, as it does in England, to give artists of merit a new source of revenue. Right here in Toronto there is plenty of talent deserving of this sort of recognition.

Talking about the Vanderbilts it is said that Willie Vanderbilt will never come back to America to live. His present idea is to purchase a handsome English estate, and range himself among the English gentry. The amusing stories that used to be told about Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt's attitude towards the remainder of womankind, and the various ways in which she keeps her husband unspotted from their blandishments, are just now receiving a number of attractive additions. It is said that she will not allow a petticoat near the yacht. Coquelin, who recently gave a special performance on board the yacht, for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and their friends, played, so it is said, before an audience composed entirely of men. But from all accounts, Mrs. Vanderbilt must be like that circumspect old lady in the conventional English farce, who preserved her husband by refusing to have any woman under sixty years of age among her guests or in her employ.

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Music.

I am curious to see how the 1889 Musical Festival Association will turn out. The Musical Festival Association, of course, have the inside track, having initiated and carried out a successful festival; so successful that they had a surplus of some six hundred dollars on hand when all accounts were settled. This naturally gives them the confidence and sympathy of the public in any plan they may lay before us, and justly so. They are the representative men of the city, and have shown that they have the judgment in musical matters to decide what will best please those who may be expected to support such an enterprise, and that they have the business ability to carry out their programme to a successful issue from a business standpoint. This secures them the goodwill of a list of people who had subscribed the large sum of $35,000 to a guarantee fund, and who naturally will wish to see their representatives sustained in their plans for the furtherance of musical culture in Toronto.

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But now appears on the scene a rival, the Choral Society, which wishes to gratify its ambition and organize a little musical festival of its own. The Choral Society, which has an inner history that will make interesting reading some day, has grown from a small mustard seed into a large and well-conditioned fruit. The patience and quiet, indomitable will of its conductor, and the unswerving loyalty of those gentlemen with whom he has been discriminating and fortunate enough to surround himself, have created a successful and powerful musical factor out of what was at first only an enlargement of the choir of St. Andrew's church, and which was at its birth strictly a Presbyterian concern. Naturally there was a feeling on their part which led them to wish to equal their elder competitor, the Philharmonic Society, the more so, as the latter society is strongly supported by the Methodist body. In the performance and efforts generally of the Choral Society, this ambition has, as far as the general public can see, been fairly well gratified.

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But this has not been sufficient; the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, a man of great magnetic influence, fertile in plans and untiring in their development, possesses the confidence of the music-loving public and was the mainspring in the organization of the great festival of 1886, whose success I have already alluded to. When this festival was in process of organization, the Choral Society was invited to assist, but instead of doing so, chose to consider that it, or its conductor, would not receive fair play, and sat on the fence and let the procession pass by. Had it joined the festival chorus, and had its leaders added, as such, their subscriptions to the guarantee fund, they would have had voice in the distribution of work to the conductors, which, after all, was the real bone of contention. Then, if they had been slighted, the common sense of the public, and that sense of justice, which, after all, is an ineradicable part of an Englishman's character, would have supported them, and forced an equitable adjustment of the question.

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But their pettish withdrawal from the negotiations caused a general feeling of "All right, if they won't play they may stay at home." Feeling themselves left out in this manner in the larger musical interests, they some weeks ago announced a musical festival of their own on a scale which would be productive of satisfaction to every music lover in the city, except those whose light would be dimmed by the possible contrast. A large chorus, a world-renowned orchestra, and soloists of the best standing in the world would be sufficient to produce this result, and naturally enough the Toronto Musical Festival Association was stirred to its depths.

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Meetings were held and the original idea of triennial festivals was formally reiterated, with the additional suggestion that this system would place the association in a position to produce the novelties from the great Birmingham Festival, which takes place the year before the Toronto event. These deliberations culminated last week, when representatives of the Philharmonic, Choral and Vocal societies met at the invitation of the officials of the Toronto Musical Festival Association, and were asked to consider the possibility and advisability of united action in the premises. It is claimed that there is a possibility of such action, and I am sure that everyone not bound up in an exterminating policy will wish the movement success. Great as was the chorus of the festival, its greatness would have been enhanced by the cordial cooperation of the Choral Society, which possesses a well-trained force of great excellence and good experience.

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The Vocal Society, too, has a fine body of voices, which have special training in obedience to the conductor's baton and in the observance of marks of expression, and which would be an acquisition to any choral force on the continent. Still, in this case, their cohesion with the festival scheme would mean, to a certain extent, the surrender of the principle of its *raison d' etre*, as it might be considered to suggest the desirability of surrendering the excellence of unaccompanied part-singing, and the desertion of that field for that of large choral effects accompanied by monster orchestras. This is a point that Mr. Haslam has been consistently preaching against since he organized his society, and he can hardly be expected to jeopardize his reputation for consistency in this manner.

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Still, could all this be brought about, it would be a grand thing for music, so notoriously an art that seems to stimulate and foster sectional jealousies. Such a festival, under such auspices, and supported by every musical interest in the city, could not fail to be a phenomenal success in every sense, artistic and financial, and is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished for. I believe most faithfully that then the managers of the affair could be implicitly relied on to do full justice to all interests involved, and the union of interests at present conflicting, but really conflicting only for lack of generous forbearance, would avert the possibility of our witnessing two festivals undoubtedly fine and gratifying from an artistic standpoint, but with unwholesome Dead Sea fruit in the way of financial deficits. And after all we poor humans have such a clinging affection for our hard-earned and frequently lamentably scarce dollars, that the latter point is not an uninfluential one to take into consideration.

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All this leads back to the great music hall question. The festival of 1886 carried with it an expenditure of $2069 for rent, seating, platform, practice rooms, and decorations. This sum is about 40 per cent. of the income of the barn in the Horticultural Gardens for the past ten months, and goes to show what possibilities there are in the way of emolument for the enterprising men who will build a music hall here. When a festival is held here again, a similar expense must be met, and when it is over there may be a paltry $200 in the way of rebate for chairs sold second-hand. The rink, while the best place available, was absolutely unsuitable for the purpose, acoustically, artistically and every other cally. The level plane of the floor, the wretched small galleries, and the heathenishly ugly trusses and bolts disfigured the space beyond reconciliation to anything that might be considered pleasing to the eye or ear. The Horticultural Pavilion, with its Brobdingnagian pillars, out-of-the-way location and small space is out of the question for such a purpose, and the first cry of the festival people should be: "Give us a music hall!"

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A music hall to accommodate 4,000 people can be built and seated and furnished with practice rooms for $50,000, independent of the cost of the site, if no great architectural adornments are looked for. But if an architect only sees a chance to erect a monument to the splendor of his fancy, its cost may be boundless. Other cities have had halls of this character built for them by private munificence. This we can hardly expect in Toronto; at least the man endowed with this sort of generosity has so far not been caring much for the Scriptural injunction as to letting his light shine, and his good works have not been seen of men. The field is therefore open, so open that it gapes and yawns for him to step in and fill it. But co-operation among music lovers should be sufficiently possible to bring this about. Attempts at organization for this purpose have been made, but so far have all failed. This festival movement should reopen the question to a sufficient extent to provoke discussion and happy fulfilment.

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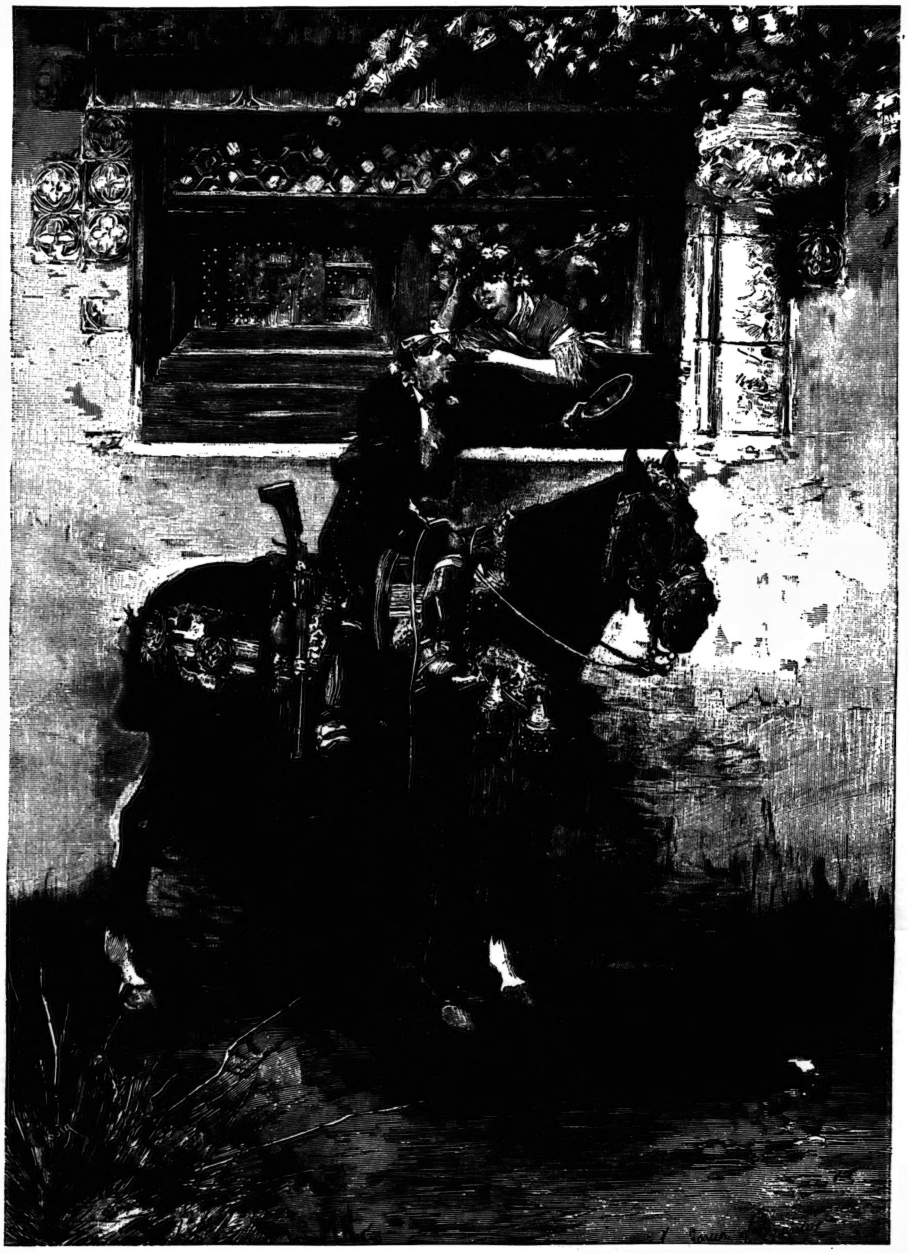
I see that the Conservatory pupils have given another quarterly concert. I was not there, not having received the usual reportorial invitation. The Conservatory people don't cultivate reporters in that way. Can it be that they provide the reports themselves, having a secretary of able literary capabilities? If so, their method saves the reporters trouble and—ensures pleasing notices. This too would be a kind of wisdom that pays as it helps to fill the public eye and mind with a thorough appreciation of the good results of Conservatory teaching, for what the daily papers say, must be true.

METRONOME.



THE SMUGGLER'S LOVE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Art and Artists.

One of the most popular and reputable sculptors in the city by the Arno is John McNamee, who will be remembered as an old Brooklyn politician and once sheriff of King's county.

*

The last picture painted by Arthur Lumley, specimens of whose brushwork may be found at the American Art Association rooms, is entitled A Sailor Boy. It shows Young America sitting by the sea, engaged in modeling a Volunteer style of craft, while a tiny English boat lies at his feet. Yachtsmen were delighted with it, and the canvas was sold before it left the easel. Mr. Lumley is devoting himself exclusively to the illustration of boy life, and each summer finds his studio set up in some country village where he finds picturesque types.

*

As we approach the fourth centenary of the discovery of America it is interesting to recall the fact that the same haze of doubt in which the question of Columbus' birth is involved rests over that of the authenticity of the several portraits of him now extant. The one that is supported by the best historical evidence is that in the National Library of Spain at Madrid, and which has recently been restored and engraved by the Royal Historical Society.

*

I called at Miss Peel's studio on Church street the other day, and was very pleasantly entertained for half an hour viewing the works and enjoying the conversation of Miss Peel and her sister, Miss Clara Peel. A very expressive face is Miss Peel's, emphatically the face of an artist, and it reminded me so strongly of the antique cast of feature that I wondered if it were possible for the countenance, through long familiarity with, and study of the inimitable works of the Golden Age, to gradually conform to that type. Miss Peel is at present working on a bust of Sir Alexander Campbell, and has just completed one of the late Dr. Nelles, which is very much liked by Mrs. Nelles and the friends of the deceased clergyman. Finished busts of Judges Haggerty and Boyd stood in a corner of the studio. Several paintings of French scenes on the wall spoke of Miss Peel's sojourn in France, where she studied. I was also shown some paintings by her brother, Mr. Paul Peel, who is now working and studying in Paris. One of his paintings, called The Two Friends, has been recently purchased by the Princess of Wales. Canadians have reason to be proud of their young countryman, who now takes a creditable stand among the artists of the Old World. Toronto cannot claim him as a child of her own, however, as he originally came from where the mansions of the Forest City are mirrored in the silver Thames. Mr. Peel contemplates returning to Canada for a visit during the coming summer. I was delighted to hear his sisters praise his cleverness, and to see that they are proud—and not without cause—of their talented brother. Miss Peel appears to be devotedly attached to her art, and seems to have realized and made use of her uncommon advantage for study. When she talked of France, with its treasures of art, the Louvre, the salons and the picturesque old chateaux, "joys forever" to the devotees of the brush and palette, it was with the delight of a person discoursing on a favorite theme. She considers that the Canadian people are beginning to appreciate good work now. Miss Peel devotes herself principally to sculpture. Miss Clara Peel delights in modelling, and among the specimens of her work I saw was an excellent cast of her sister's face in bas-relief. She also intends taking a course of study in Europe in a short time.

Wonderful.

Mr. D. Sappy—Ya-as, time works wonders. Why, when I was born I was the youngest in my family, and now I have faw bwothers all younger than myself.

Admiring crowd—Isn't it extraordinary.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

JOHN CANN'S TREASURE

VI.

On the evening when the Hon. Charles Barclay, Cecil Mitford's second cousin, for the time after his terrible illness, to speak a few words in private with the negro sexton. He found the man lounging in the soft dusk outside his hut, and ready enough he did a place for the corpse (which would be buried next morning, with the ordinary tropical haste), close beside the spot actually occupied by John Cann's coffin. All the rest, the sexton said, with a horrid grin, he would leave to Cecil.

At twelve o'clock of a dark, moonless night, Cecil Mitford, still weak and ill, but trembling only from the remains of his fever, set out stealthily from the dead man's low bungalow in the outskirts of Spanish Town, and walked on alone through the unlighted, unpaved streets of the sleeping city to the cathedral precinct. Not a soul met or passed him on the way through the lonely alleys; not a solitary candle burned anywhere in a single window. He carried only a little dark lantern in his hand, and a very small pick that he had borrowed that same afternoon from the negro sexton. Stumbling along through the unfamiliar lanes, he saw at last the great black mass of the gaunt unpainly cathedral, standing out dimly against the hardly less black abyss of night that formed the sky overhead. But Cecil Mitford was not awed by place or season; he could think only of one subject, John Cann's treasure. He groped his way easily through scrub and monuments to the far corner of the churchyard; and there, close by a fresh and open grave, he saw the well-remembered, half-effaced letters that marked the mouldering upright slab as John Cann's gravestone. Without a moment's delay, without a touch of hesitation, without a trace of the womanish weakness, he jumped down boldly into the open grave and turned the light side of his little lantern in the direction of John Cann's undesecrated coffin.

A few strokes of the pick soon loosened the intervening earth sufficiently to let him pry at a wooden plank on the nearer side of the coffin. It had mouldered away with damp and age till it was all quite soft and pliable; and he broke through it with his hand without a tool, and within a heap of huddled bones, which he knew at once for John Cann's skeleton. Under any other circumstances, such a sight, such the dead of night, with all the awful accessories of time and place, would have chilled and appalled Cecil Mitford's nervous blood; but he thought nothing of it all now; his whole soul was entirely concentrated on a single idea—the search for the missing paper. Leaning over toward the breach he had made into John Cann's grave, he began groping about with his right hand on the floor of the coffin. After a moment's search his fingers came across a small rusty metal object, clasped, apparently, in the bony hand of the skeleton. He drew it eagerly out; it was a steel snuff-box. Prising open the crinoided hinge with his pocket-knife, he found inside a small scrap of dry paper. His fingers trembled as he held it to the dark lantern; oh, heavens, success! success! it was, it was—the missing document!

He knew it in a moment by the handwriting and the cipher. He couldn't wait to read it till he went home to the dead man's house, so he curled himself up cautiously in Charles Barclay's open grave, and proceeded to decipher the crinoided manuscript as best he could by the lurid light of the lantern. Yes, yes, it was all right; it told him with minute and unmistakable detail the exact spot in the land of the Bovey where John Cann's treasure lay securely hidden. Not at John Cann's rocks on the hill-top, as the local legend unruly affirmed—John Cann had not been such a fool as to hide his gossips of Bovey the spot where he had really buried his precious doubloons—but down in the valley by a bend of the river, at a point that Cecil Mitford had known well from his childhood upward. Hurrah! hurrah! the secret was unearthed at last, and he had nothing more to do than to go home to England and proceed to dig up John Cann's treasure!

So he cautiously replaced the loose earth on the side of the grave, and walked back, this time bold and erect, with his dark lantern openly displayed (for it matter now to no one who watched or followed him), to dead Charles Barclay's lonely bungalow. The black servants were keening and wailing over their master's body, and nobody took much notice of the white visitor. If they had Cecil Mitford would have cared but little, so long as he carried John Cann's last dying directions safely folded in his leather pocketbook.

Next day, Cecil Mitford stood once more as a chief mourner beside the grave he had sat in that night so strangely by himself; and before the week was over he had taken his passage for England in the Royal Mail Steamer Tagus and was leaving the cocoanut groves of Port Royal well behind him on the port side. Before him lay the open sea, and beyond it, England, Ethel and John Cann's treasure.

VII.

It had been a long job after all to arrange fully the needful preliminaries for the actual search after John Cann's buried doubloons. First of all, there was Ethel's interest to pay, and a horrid story for Cecil to concoct—all false, of course, yet no worse luck to it—about how he managed to invest her poor three hundred to the best advantage. Then there was another story to make good about three months' extra leave from the colonial office. Next came the question of buying the land where John Cann's treasure lay hidden, and this was really a matter of very exceptional and peculiar difficulty. The owner—pig-headed fellow!—didn't want to sell, no matter how much he was offered, because the corner contained a clump of trees that made a specially pretty element in the view from his dining-room windows. His dining-room windows forsooth! What on earth could it matter, when John Cann's treasure was at stake, whether anything at all was visible or otherwise from his miserable dining-room windows. Cecil was positively appalled at the obstinacy and narrow-mindedness of the poor squireen, who could think of nothing at all in the whole world but his own ridiculous antiquated windows. However, in the end, by making his bid high enough, he was able to induce this obstructive old curmudgeon to part with his triangular little corner of land in the bend of the river. Even so, there was the question of payment: absurd as it seemed, with all John Cann's money almost in his hand, Cecil was obliged to worry and bother and lie and intrigue for weeks together in order to get that paltry little sum in hard cash for the matter of his money. Still, he raised it in the end, mainly by inducing Ethel to sell out the remainder of her poor small fortune, and cajoling Aunt Emily into putting her name to a bill of sale for her few worthless bits of old-fashioned furniture. At last, after many delays and vexatious troubles, Cecil found himself the actual possessor of the corner of land wherein lay buried John Cann's treasure.

The very first day that Cecil Mitford could call that coveted piece of ground his own, he could not restrain his eagerness (though he knew it was imprudent in a land where the unjust law of treasure-trove prevails, but he must then and there begin covertly digging under the shadow of the three big willow trees, in the bend of the river. He had eyed and measured the bearings so carefully already that he knew the very spot to a nail's breadth where John Cann's treasure was actually hidden. He set to work digging with his little pick as confidently as if he had already seen the doubloons lying there in the strong box that he knew enclosed them. Four feet deep he dug, as John Cann's instructions told him; and then true to the inch, his pick struck against a solid oaken box, well secured with clamps of iron. Cecil cleared all the dirt away from the top, carefully, not hurriedly, and tried with all his might to lift the box out, but all in vain. It was far too heavy, of course, for one man's arms to raise; all the weight of gold and silver must be ever so much more than a single pair of hands could possibly manage. He must try to open the lid alone, so as to take the gold out, a bit at a time, and carry it away with him now and again, as he was able, covering the place up carefully in between, for fear of the Treasury and the Lord of the Manor. How abominably unjust it seemed to him at that moment—the legal claim of those two indolent hostile squires! The great black mass of the gaunt unpainly cathedral, standing out dimly against the hardly less black abyss of night that formed the sky overhead, rose. But Cecil Mitford was not awed by place or season; he could think only of one subject, John Cann's treasure. He groped his way easily through scrub and monuments to the far corner of the churchyard; and there, close by a fresh and open grave, he saw the well-remembered, half-effaced letters that marked the mouldering upright slab as John Cann's gravestone. Without a moment's delay, without a touch of hesitation, without a trace of the womanish weakness, he jumped down boldly into the open grave and turned the light side of his little lantern in the direction of John Cann's undesecrated coffin.

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will say that a second-rate burlesque is better than a first-rate tragedy, and in certain moods I don't know that I should be disposed to argue with you. But this, at any rate, we may affirm, that all delight and recreation to be derived from bright spectacles and gorgeous scenery and dresses are an unmixed good. I have put all these things first, because they seem to give the most instant satisfaction to the greatest number of theater-goers. But if you will reflect upon the enjoyment you have obtained from them, I think you will agree with me that if this kind of pleasure is the most vivid at the moment, it is also the most fleeting and evanescent. When you have heard a good joke at the theater you can chuckle over it the next morning. When you have followed a profound study of character you can ponder over it for many days, and compare it with your own observations of the human nature around you. But when your delight at the theater has been chiefly obtained by the contemplation of scenery, and figures, and dresses. I don't know that any definite after-impression remains with you, except, perhaps, that your everyday working life seems very dingy and sombre by contrast. There is nothing to think about the next morning. And this leads me to propose this first general rule for you to take to the theater with you: All enjoyment that depends upon scenic effect, dresses, and groupings of figures, though quite legitimate in its place, is of itself of an inferior, temporary, and comparatively unintellectual kind. Scenic effects and illusions have only a real dramatic value and significance when they illustrate human passion and character. And they must be kept quite subordinate and in the background to that. For instance when you go to see the play of Macbeth, the chief thing is not that you should be dazed and half-frightened by elaborate and weird witches' dances and grotesque supernatural effects. Your belief in these, your acceptance of them as real, only shows that you are not yet emancipated from the unscientific notions about the personality and bodily appearance of evil which your grandmothers held and that you are imperfectly acquainted with the resources and the purely mechanical nature of theatrical illusion. The one thing above all others essential to you when you see Macbeth, is that you should look deeply into the natures of the haunted murderer and his partner in crime. And the next thing that you should take delight in is the beauty and vigor and felicity of the language in which the legend is conveyed to you. Then after that, and last of all should come your enjoyment of the play as a perfectly appointed and well stage-managed spectacle.

I do not mean to defend the slovenly mounting of plays. I think the stage should gladly press into service its every beautiful device and every ingenious illusion that scenery and custom can lend to it. But I want you, as critical playgoers, to understand the purely subordinate and merely illustrative character of all stage illusion and accessories. I will try to make this point clear to you. I will suppose one night that you go to see a play that contains what we call a sensation scene. We will say, for example, an explosion in a coal mine. And we will suppose that this is put upon the stage in such a realistic and substantial way as to make you forget you are in a theater, and to actually believe for the moment that you are witnessing the dreadful calamity. Now, bear in mind that, whatever might be the size and resources of the theater, and whatever care and money might be spent upon the scene, it would in some of its essential features be quite unlike the reality. Many of its most vivid details, the strewn, divided limbs, the darkness, the foul air, the horrible' heart-rending shrieks, the vast masses of earth rent and tumbling, could at best be only very imperfectly rendered or altogether omitted. The next time you see one of these big sensation scenes, instead of watching in how many particulars it resembles the real scene, watch in how many more particulars, and some of these the most important, it differs from the real scene. But we will suppose that some of the more striking features of a coal mine explosion have been so presented on the stage that you have temporarily mistaken them for reality. Well, what has happened? Merely this. You, a good-natured, simple-minded playgoer, have allowed some very clever carpenters, scene-painters, and property-men, with the help of half-a-dozen pounds of gunpowder and some big, irregular blocks of wood, painted to look like coal or earth, to persuade you that you have witnessed a terrible colliery disaster. You have generously paid your shilling to be terrified by a purely mechanical arrangement of tumbling logs and gigantic fireworks, that have positively nothing more to do with dramatic art, and nothing more dreadful in them than the falling of a child's house of bricks, or the letting-off a squib or a cracker in your own back-yard. And if you could examine the machinery that produced the effects, and were allowed to witness the scene night after night, at the end of a week it would probably affect you no more than these two ordinary homely events that I have compared it with. I think that illustration ought to give you an idea of the value of scenic effect in itself.

Now, the next night after you have seen this coal mine scene, we will suppose you go to another theater, and you see another play. And, for the sake of comparison, we will suppose that the play again treats of the miner's life. But what impresses you most in the second play is some homely scene in the miner's cottage, some lively picture of the terrible hardships or simple joys of the miner's life. There is no particular scenery; the four, or rather the three, bare walls and scanty furniture are the only background to the human figures. I don't stop to inquire whether you take the scenery for reality in this case, because now I am not dealing with the effect of scenery upon you. We have just considered that. What impresses you this time is some domestic episode, we will say the breaking up of the hitherto happy home through shame, or illness, or trouble of some kind. The scene is so well acted that you again mistake it for reality. You actually believe that the favorite son has robbed his employer, the favorite daughter left her home, the sick child will die because the necessary delicacies cannot be provided out of the father's small earnings. The tears roll down your cheek; you feel hate against the betrayer, sorrow for the broken down father, pity for the poor wanderer; or you dive your hand in your pocket and you can scarcely help crying out, "It's all right—she shan't die—I'll send her round a basin of good beef-tea before I go to bed to-night!"

What has happened this time? You have been deceived again—that's plain. That's the first thing that strikes you when you analyze your feelings the next morning. But you have not been so unworthily deceived this time. You don't feel quite such a sense of having been tricked. Your best sympathies, your kindliest feeling have been roused, and your heart has been made more tender, and more ready to be moved by the next case of real sorrow or suffering that you come across. Also, you have not been merely deceived to a more worthy end, but you have been deceived by more worthy means. In the sphere of the drama the artistic effort that deludes you by the semblance of human emotion is higher and nobler than the artistic effort that deludes you by the semblance of scenic effects. The counterfeited sorrow has been produced by higher artistic means than the counterfeited colliery explosion. But, all the same, so far as you have allowed yourself to accept what you saw for an actual fact taking place beneath your eyes, you have been deceived. You have been taken in, and you have forfeited the highest pleasure that a stage representation can and ought to afford you.

This stage play should never be mistaken for real life. All art that deceives into taking it for nature itself is inferior and comparatively worthless, and you will agree with me when I say that all demonstrations of hissing and hooting stage villainy, however creditable they may be to the moral sympathies of those who indulge in them, merely show that they mistake the real purpose of dramatic art. If the man has played his part well, applaud him; if he has played his part badly, hiss him. But if you hiss him on account of the sentiments he has uttered and the deeds he has done, irrespective of how he has uttered them and how he has done them, you merely proclaim that your judgment and knowledge of theatrical matters are in that immature and undeveloped state that they cannot distinguish between the man and the character he has played, between the stage and the real outside life of the world.

So far as the stage departs from real life it is wrong. There is no kind of play that to me seems so barren, so dead, so wasteful of time as an imitation poetical play, a play that neither paints for you real life as it is, nor yet lifts you into that magic world where the facts of life become shadows, and the truths of life become substance; nor yet frankly sets out to direct you by a caricature or exaggeration of every day life. I have instanced the play and character of Hamlet as types of true dramatic poetry, and I have tried to show you why they are so. If I were to be asked to give an example of a false, a would-be poetic play, an imitation poetic character, I should mention (I hope I sha'n't shock you)—I should mention the play of The Lady of Lyons and the character of Claude Melnotte. I am not now speaking of their merits as an acting play and an acting character. These merits, the merits of stagecraft, in telling clearly and succinctly a very interesting story, are, I am ready to concede, very great. But the acceptance of The Lady of Lyons by the English playgoing public as a piece of poetry only shows that the great mass of theater-goers have either the falsest or vaguest notions of what poetry is; or, to be more charitable, we will say they have such unconquerable longings for poetry that they are ready to swallow any gooseberry decoction and take it for champagne, provided it has got the champagne label on the bottle.

There is a saying which one frequently hears on the lips of constant playgoers—"When I go to a theater I want to be taken away from myself. Real life is dull enough and wretched enough, goodness knows; I go to a theater to escape from it." I do assure you, with all the force of conviction there is in me, that, so far as you go to a theater to be taken away from your real lives, so far your real lives are wrong and need to be altered, and so far you demand of the playwright that he shall carry you into regions of fantasy, absurdity, exaggeration, and unreality of all kinds. What makes your lives so dull, that you demand of that art whose one end is to faithfully reflect and picture them, that it shall take you out of them and provide you with a means of escape from them? What ails you? What makes you so dissatisfied with this real world—this England, that you have made what it is to-day—that you should ask your dramatists to create a false world for you, until the very words theatrical, stagey, have come to be associated with all that is unreal, garish, pretentious, sham, and delusive.

Again I assure you that the one thing our modern stage has got to set itself to do—perhaps the only thing that it can do with any effect and thoroughness—is to render a faithful account of the lives of the real men and women around us. I do not condemn any of the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment. I am only asking that they shall be kept in their rightfully secondary place, and that many of them shall be relegated and acknowledged to have no connection with the drama as properly understood. Either the drama means what Shakespeare said it meant in Hamlet's advice to the players—either it existed to show "the very age and body of the time its form and pressure"—either it means this, or it means any buffoonery, any noise and nonsense, folly and insanity, that will draw the shillings from the purses of a half-educated public, and leave their pockets and brains the emptier the next morning. You, as playgoers, have to decide which of these definitions shall describe the drama of your day. We playwrights are in your hands. You are our masters, we obey your wishes; we slave to supply you with the entertainment that you demand. By your encouragement of this play, and your rejection of that, you decree what form the English drama shall take.

A Legacy.

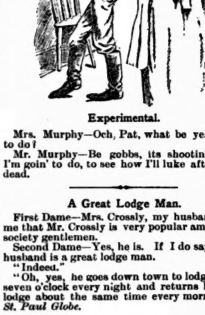
Friend of my many years,
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave, to pain and sadden thee,
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone,
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest,
And drank the wine of consolation, pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials less,
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense.

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign.

Yes, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.



Experimental.

Mrs. Murphy—Och, Pat, what be yez going to do?

Mr. Murphy—Be gobbs, its shootin' mesilf I'm goin' to do, to see how I'll luke after I'm dead.

A Great Lodge Man.

First Dame—Mrs. Crossly, my husband tells me that Mr. Crossly is very popular among the society gentlemen.

Second Dame—Yes, he is. If I do say it, my husband is a great lodge man.

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes, he goes down town to lodge about seven o'clock every night and returns home to lodge about the same time every morning."—*St. Paul Globe.*

In the Far West.

Dakota editor (to foreman)—Are the forms all ready?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Pistols and bowie knives in good shape?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Gatling gun loaded?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Then let the paper go to press.

How a Coon Fight Overcame a Desperado.

A desperado who had for months defied the authorities was sitting in the door of his cabin when a deputy sheriff came up to the fence.

"Stop thar, Bob," demanded the desperado.

"Dun stopped," the man replied, resting his arms on the fence.

"Wall, see that you stay stopped. What you want round here, anyhow? Ain't you got 'nuff bizness in yore own neighborhood without comin' round here whar you hain't been invited?"

"I have come over here airter a feller, Dan."

"Found him yit?"

"Yas, see him a-settin' thar in that do'."

"You don't mean me, do you?"

"I mean you, Dan. Got a warrant for you, all writ out ez putty ez er marriage license. Wanter see the dockyment?"

"No, I ain't no han' to fool 'way my time that er way."

"Don't you think I'd better come in an' read it to you?"

"No, I ain't literrery to-day, an' don't kere to hear nothin' read. Come over some time next Spring an' I'll give you a hearin'."

"Mout be busy with my crop then, Dan. Kain't you strain a p'int an' lissen to it now?"

"No, kain't accommodate you to-day, Bob."

"I thought you wuz mo' accommerdatin' than that."

"Useter be, Bob, but I'm a-gittin' sorter tough as I grow older."

"Wall, here, Dan, the sheriff sent me airter you, an' you've got to come."

"Not to day, Bobby."

"Then I'll hafter fetch you."

The deputy began to climb the fence. Dan, reaching back, taking up a gun and leveling it at the deputy, said:

"Bob, ef yore ez you land on this side uv the fence I'll drap you."

Bop stopped, and, sitting on the fence, replied:

"Dan, this ain't no way to treat a visitor!"

"I think it is," said Dan, lowering the gun, "fur I am prepar'd to give a wa'm welcome."

"Whu'l you take fur your gun, Dan?"

"Don't kere about sellin' it. Need it putty nigh all the time."

"Now, ef I wuz to come airter you an' she wuster snap, whar would you be?"

"An' ef she didn't snap, whar would you be?"

"Say, Dan."

"Wall."

"Bound to have you."

"All right; come and git me."

"No, you air comin' right out uv yore own accord. I told the fellers that I would fetch you back ef I kin."

"Told 'em a lie."

"Said that you'd be anxious to come, Dan."

"Said a lie."

"Dan, you know Potter's old coon dog?"

"Mighty well."

"We've got him out at the sheriff's office."

"What's that to me?"

"Wait till I get through. Last night the Sarver boys cotch the biggest coon you ever seed—one of them big coons that's ben down on the creek—an' we air goin' to have a fight. The boys have got lots uv licker, an' bets air runnin' putty high. It's the biggest coon ever seed in this country an' a large passul uv the boys 'low that he ken whup the dog. Old Perkins had just fotch over another gallon uv whisky when I left, an' ever'thing is ready fur a high old jamboree. The sheriff 'lowed that you mout want to see the sport an' drink a little uv the liker, so he said that if you would come w'arin' yer uv bar'l cuffs you mout grace the ercasion."

"Boh, ain't you lyin'?"

"No, fo' the Lawd."

"Air you certain that it's Potter's old dog?"

"Ez shore ez I live."

"Do he look like he wants to git at the coon?"

"Prancin' like er frost-bit rooster, he's so anxious."

"Big coon, you say?"

"Biggest I ever seed."

"Plenty uv licker?"

"Wu'l yo float a iron wedge."

"Bob, will you sw'ar to it all?"

"Yas."

"I'll be tuck on trial, won't I, Bob?"

"Yas, airter the fight."

"Whut you reckon they'll do with me?"

"Kain't say—mout hang you—but think uv the fun an' licker."

"Bob, got the han'cuffs?"

"Yas."

"Reckon they'll fit?"

"Think they will."

"Wall, come an' put 'em on."

"No, you come out here."

"Bob, ef I thought you wuz trifin' with my effecksh uns I'd shoot you."

"But I ain't, Dan; I'm a tellin' uv the truth."

"Big coon?"

"Buster."

"Wall, I'll putting down the gun and coming out, an I'll be one uv that party. Now," he added as he held out his hands, "put on your invertations." OPIE P. READ.

Unfamiliar With the Toy.

Miss Muhlberran—Have yez wan o' thim talkin'-boxes handy?

Clerk—Telephone, you mean madam. What can we do for you.

Miss Muhlberran—Telepone or telepoon, Oi wan' ter sat me cousin Katie, foor miles out 'r Cor-rk, Ireland, phwhether she do be comin' out an th' nixt shteamer.

A Sad Mistake.

Advertiser (furiously)—I'll have damages from you, sir! You have ruined my business.

Newspaper man—Calm yourself, pray. What's the matter?

Advertiser—Don't you see that you have referred here to my "Quick Cure for Consumption" as a "Quack Cure for Consumption!" And this has gone before 200,000 readers!

Sweet Dreams.

"I heard Sister Clara say that she dreamt of you last night, Mr. Inskip," said little Evelyn, with an air of conveying a secret.

"Did she tell your mother so?" whispered Flitterly Inskip, tumultuously.

"No-o—she told the doctor."—*Puck.*

Needn't Feel Worried.

Miss Ethel (about to be married)—Oh, I know I shall be so nervous, just before the wedding.

Miss Clara (her bosom friend)—I don't think you will have any cause to feel nervous, Ethel; I am quite sure George will be on hand.

Both There.

Str—You say your elder brother is a bank cashier.

He—Yes.

She—My eldest brother is in Montreal too. Perhaps they're acquainted."—*Judge.*

Your Choice.

"You are married?"

"Yes."

"And what is your wife like? Brunette, blonde, auburn, chestnut, or what?"

"Oh, that depends on the day of the week."

Variable.

English Traveler (out West)—What's the population of Pistolville?

Native—Oh, about 400 in the morning, on an average, and 20 to 25 at night.

Correct.

"Dan, what wud yez call a man who stole a gallon av whiskey and drank it, and got the jim jams?"

"Begorra, I think I'd call him a snake thief."

The Gift of Vision.

Once in the dark, I knew a rose was near,
Because her lips had kissed the Summer air
And left their haunting perfume floating there.
But when I fain would pluck it for my dear,
No! naught of all its sweet could I attain,
But in its stead sharp thorns, that sore did fret
My eager hands, and force them to forget
Their loving quest for smar' and bitter pain.

Shall I then cheat my fancy with the thought
No flower was there within the prickly space,
To add its lustre to my lady's grace
Or give me the fair prize my longing sought?
Nay! for behind its thorn the rose must be,
If we, who search so blindly, could but see!

At the Hotel Table.

Uncle David—Fetch on some soapan' towels, you yellow dago! (To Aunt Harriet.) S'pect that coon thoughs we hadn't traveled an' wus goin' ter drink out'n finger bowls."

Forgiveness.

Senator Lamar is reported as telling the following story of his experience at a political meeting in his own State soon after the war. He was asked if he could forget and, alluding to the civil war, suggested as a parallel case the parable of the Prodigal Son and the joyful reception at his home when the naughty boy returned. He was succeeded by a colored man, a republican, who after some general remarks, paid his respects to Lamar's parallel "Forgiben!" said he. "Dey forgiben—dem brigadiers! Why, dey'se come walkin' into de house, an' bang de do' an' go up to de ol' man an' say, 'Whar dat veal?'"—*Unidentified Exchange.*

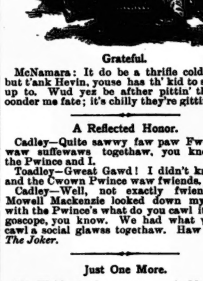
The Old Serpent.

Voker—What extravagence! A pair of shake-bracelets in wrought gold must be for a prima donna at least!

Soaker—Not at all dear boy, I've bought these bracelets for my wife and she'll have to wear them to please me.

Voker—Is a second honeymoon coming round?

Soaker—Can't you see! I feel they are coming on again, and if these snakes on her arms she'll think its natural. Catch on!—*The Joker.*



Grateful.

McNamara: It do be a thrifle cold, Beezy, but t'ank Hevin, youse has th' kid to shnuggle up to. Wud yez be afther pittin' th' candle oonder me fate; it's chilly they're gittin'.

A Reflected Honor.

Cadley—Quite sawwy faw paw Fwitz. We waw suffewaws togethaw, you know; the the Pwince and I.

Toadley—Gweat Gawd! I didn't know you and the Cwown Pwince waw fwiends.

Cadley—Well, not exactly fwiends, but Mowell Mackenzie looked down my thwoat with the Pwince's what do you cawl it, lawyngoscope, you know. We had what you may cawl a social glawss togethaw. Haw! haw!—*The Joker.*

Just One More.

Mr. Waldo (in the supper room)—May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy (of Chicago—Thanks, Mr. Waldo; I believe I will take one more look at the ceiling.

A Point Which Had to be Made Sometime.

(*But it's rather nice to have it over and done with.*)

Jake—The present year will be the longest on record.

Pete—How so?

Jake—Why, it is 1 and three 8s already.

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Our Stock being entirely new, consists of the latest of our own productions besides the choice of the principal markets. New designs in

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AND
HALL RACKS

For the Upholstered Goods Department

We have obtained Skilful Workmen and will make it a study to manufacture only reliable, artistic and comfortable Furniture.

Will take pleasure in showing visitors through our new Establishment.

The Largest, Finest and best lighted Furniture Show Rooms in the city.

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NEARLY OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE, FEW DOORS EAST.

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TAILOR AND DRAPER,

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In the latest styles for Balls, Parties, etc.

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The nicest and best finished hair goods in the city.

No copying or imitation of others.

J. T. ARMAND,
of Paris, France, the only Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer in Toronto (late of Green's),

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Few doors south of Y. M. C. A. building.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, FEB. 4, 1888. [No. 10.

Our Pictures.

In aiming at the highest possible excellence SATURDAY NIGHT has spared no expense in procuring the most talented writers and finest engravings. The circulation of SATURDAY NIGHT has been so great from the very beginning that it has been found impossible to print the paper with that care which should be bestowed on fine illustrations. But we invite our readers, most of whom, no doubt, are keeping the paper on file, to compare the first productions with those issued during the past few weeks. The greater excellence of the illustrations and the great improvement in the press-work and quality of the paper cannot but be observed. We are not yet satisfied, however, and have resolved on the purchase of the most improved machinery and presses, thoroughly adapted to the printing of an illustrated paper, when we will be able to turn out work as fine as that of any publishing house on the continent.

We call special attention to the class of engravings published from week to week. They are electrotypes from the work of the best engravers in England, France and Germany, and will bear close inspection. No better work has ever been printed in America, and it would be impossible for us to afford our readers such magnificent illustrations were it not done on the syndicate system, whereby a large number of papers through an agent procure the right to make electrotypes directly from the original block as it leaves the hand of the engraver. The right to make these electrotypes costs, in some instances, from $200 to $400. This, divided up in a large syndicate, does not bear so heavily upon any one publisher, and the statement is made, that our readers may understand, that we are not simply printing any sort of cuts that we can get, but that we have arranged for and are receiving the very best illustrations in the world. The figure drawing, the faces, the scenery and all the minutiæ which go to make up the finest picture can all be found in perfection in our illustrations from week to week. They are really works of art, marred somewhat by the imperfections of printing, but this will all be overcome in the course of a little time.

Canadian Literature.

The familiar discussion over Canadian literature still crops up at intervals. Despite all that has been said and written on this apparently inexhaustible theme there are some considerations which writers on both sides of the question lose sight of. The best literature is not distinctively national. It does not emphasize race characteristics or flatter patriotic pride. Nobody would think of calling Paradise Lost an English, or the Inferno an Italian, poem. There is nothing specially American about Longfellow's best poem. We cannot imagine Shakespeare sitting down to write Hamlet or Macbeth and saying to himself "I am going to produce a masterpiece of English literature." Burns did not write the Cotter's Saturday Night and Tam O'Shanter in response to a repeated demand for something emphatically and unmistakably Scotch in the way of poetry. Not at all. None of those who have written anything permanent strove and struggled to introduce distinctive national peculiarities or modes of thought. So far as these are apparent in their works they are spontaneous not assiduously cultivated. Really great writer sappeal rather to universal humanity than to national instincts or tastes. They strive to free themselves from these limitations, not to create and glorify them.

True literature knows no boundary lines. We have reciprocity of thought, irrespective of treaties or commissions. In the literature of the continent Canadians are holding their own pretty well, all things considered. But the differences in national character and mental structure between us and our neighbors are, after all, not so pronounced as to lead us to look for an obtrusive, irrepressible Canadianism as the natural feature of every literary product of a Canadian pen. Where it is apparent it is usually palpably forced, and those skilled in reading between the lines can see that the writer is trying his hardest to produce something that will rank as "Canadian literature." The inevitable result is to discedit the article thus labelled.

If our literary men will be true to their highest ideals and write the best that is in them, they may very well leave the national tone of their productions to take care of itself.

Long-Winded Politicians.

The parliamentary season is now upon us. The Local Legislature has opened, and at the end of the month the Dominion House will assemble. For the next few months the daily press will be full of politics. The old issues of fifty years ago will be fiercely fought over, and the country deluged with a "weak washy everlasting flood" of interminable talk. There are many signs that the people are getting tired of this sort of thing, intolerant of long speeches, long reports, long articles, especially when the speaker or writer has nothing new to say. Six-hour speeches, all night political meetings and four column editorials were all very well in old times, when life was less many-sided and men less hurried than now—when politics and religion were the only subjects people had to think about outside of business affairs. Things are different to-day. Our intellectual horizon has widened. In addition to the increasing pressure of business we have other mental occupation than watching the struggles in the political arena.

The coming man and the coming newspaper will not be long-winded. This is an age of brevity, and people have neither time nor inclination for the old-fashioned style of political debate. Let anyone who doubts this take note of the impatience with which speakers who address any public meeting in Toronto are heard after ten o'clock in the evening. Formerly an audience would sit out a political discussion until the small hours. Now there are few speakers who can command a hearing two hours after the beginning of the meeting. The man who wants to lead in the future must know how to put his ideas in small compass, and stop when he is through.

Shortening the Atlantic Voyage.

Of late much attention has been devoted to the shortening of the Atlantic voyage. As the volume of travel between the two continents increases the desirability of reducing to a minimum the time occupied by the trip—a period of terror and discomfort to many despite all the luxurious appointments of ocean steamships—becomes more and more apparent. Elaborate calculations are made as to the very shortest route, and the possibility of securing fast railroad connection with the extreme easterly jumping-off place which can be discovered. A New York projector has broached a scheme according to which, as he claims, the ocean voyage can be shortened to 84 hours just three days and a half. His plan is to make Labrador the point of departure and save 700 miles of ocean travel as compared with the Halifax route—employ the swiftest vessels procurable and run a railway along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and through Quebec southward. Possibly the project is feasible, and might in the end be remunerative, for there is an increasing class able and willing to pay heavily for the saving of time and the lessening of suffering involved. But unfortunately for the success of the enterprise the projector's name is Wiggles! This of itself is a fatal drawback. No capitalist could have confidence in a scheme floated by a Wiggles. Such a name would be a continual and irresistible temptation to the newspaper paragrapher to turn the project into ridicule, you really can't take a man named Wiggles seriously you know. It sounds altogether too much like Wiggins, who by the way probably owes the slight estimation in which he is held fully as much to his name as to the failure of his predictions. No, no. Wiggles may have a great head and his rapid ocean transit may be a boon to the traveling public, but he had better keep in the background and let some other fellow with a less suggestive cognomen pose as the figure head.

New Literary Features.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT expect within a few weeks to complete arrangements for some new and striking literary features for this paper. In point of merit, artistic excellence and costliness they will be superior to anything yet attempted by a Canadian journal. The encouragement given this paper and the proud place it has already established for itself lead us to believe that in this Dominion the support necessary can be found for a really high-class literary and society paper, devoting itself to amusement and instruction. The kindness shown SATURDAY NIGHT and the evident desire of Canadians to have some such paper encourages us in the venture.

The Smuggler's Love.

(See Page Three.)

The life of the Spanish smuggler is one of hardship and privation, and even his interviews with his beloved must be stolen. Our illustration shows his indulgence in a secret interview with his lady love—she is at her window, and he is on his horse, ready to be off at the first sign of danger. Even the gorgeously caparisoned horse seems to be on the alert watching for danger.

The Flowers' Revenge.

(See Page One.)

The legend which suggest to the artist this beautiful picture tells of how a young girl, wandering capriciously through the forest, had plucked a bunch of wild flowers. The flowers were at their loveliest, and she tore them bleeding and despairing from their forest home. Carelessly leaving them for a while on the outskirts of the wood, an adder makes his nest in their midst. The dying flowers commissioned the adder to avenge their sufferings, and our picture shows him about to accomplish their vengeance, after the girl, having reached home and arranged the flowers in a vase, throws herself down to sleep.

The Destruction of Pompeii.

(See Page Eleven.)

Men are walking and talking to-day in the streets of a city, on the marble pavements of which no human footstep echoed for twenty centuries. How strange this fact would seem to us did we not know the story of that awful day, when the beautiful city of Pompeii, nestling at the foot of Vesuvius, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and rich with all the magnificence that wealth could give, was visited with destruction as swift and terrible as that which fell on Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of old. On a summer day, when the blue skies of Italy wore their sunniest smiles, and the season of gaiety at this watering-place was at its height, Vesuvius suddenly sent up a huge tree-like column of smoke, darkness swept over the city, ashes and pumice stone fell in showers, and next day nothing could be seen but a black smoking plain where the villas of Pompeii had glistened in the sun. Our engraving gives an idea of the horrors of that afternoon. A group of women are fleeing with their valuables from the doomed city to the higher ground. Worn out with exhaustion and excessive fear, they have stopped and are looking back terror-stricken at the flames and scoriæ bursting from the crater of Vesuvius.

Rev. Manley Benson.

THE Berkeley street Methodist church is neat, but unpretentious, and the interior is arranged to seat the largest possible number of people. The congregation, I should reckon, is made up chiefly of the best class of mechanics and thrifty tradesmen. There is no harder audience to address. They are essentially practical, strong-minded and severely critical. Skilful mechanics are always working up to a given point, and preparing for what comes next. Their manner of life disposes them to exactness of construction and leads them to demand consecutiveness of thought and utterance from those to whom they listen. No one turns away with quicker perception of the failure of an unskilful flight of oratory, than does the educated young mechanic who watches the building of the climax and the heaping up of rhetorical periods with a thorough comprehension of the size of what must come next.

If I were a preacher I would rather, with the same mental, spiritual and physical equipment, take the Metropolitan pulpit than Berkeley street. By this, of course, I do not mean the salary and prestige attached thereto; "we preachers" never think of that sort of thing. Berkeley street exacts more work, greater knowledge of men, and, most of all, more originality. In the Metropolitan pulpit the preacher can go into deeper theories and use book-lore to greater advantage, because he is supposed to be talking to a more bookish audience, and if any of the hearers fail to "catch on" they are apt to blame themselves. In a congregation like Berkeley street the preacher is apt to have nothing taken for granted by his hearers. If they like him they will forgive much, but he must expect to be "sized up" by his whole parish.

Note the difficulty of preaching acceptably and profitably to such a congregation. The logic must be good or it will be rejected, and it must be simple or they will not worry themselves to follow it. Everything must be consecutive or the congregation will think you have forgotten something, and their pity for your memory will spoil their respect for your ability. No scraps of sweet metred verse can be admitted for beauty's sake; they must belong there or the quick brains and constructive faculties will reject them as padding. Everything must mean something or the same critics will wonder why so many motions are being made and so much mortar used while no bricks are being laid. The minds which are following the preacher expect to hear the lessons of a master, and therefore demand something they had not thought of themselves or that they have not heard before. They have not read very many books, perhaps, but they have mastered a few. They have heard a good many preachers, and their uncrowded memories have much of what they heard laid away, and any repetition is considered a sign of scanty stock. Generalities mean nothing to them; a more highly studious audience might take time and trouble to particularize for themselves, but the ordinary hearer wants the work completed for him and the picture presented to his eye as he is to remember it. The same can be said of every class of listener except the student class, which is used to grasp a principle, study over it and apply it.

But chiefly do they demand from a preacher such a delivery as seems to invest the speaker's utterances with importance. What is said must be delivered as if it were a special message or it will be treated as a busy merchant treats the ordinary circular, which, on being opened, is tossed into the waste-basket unread, because it was not written specially for him. A builder looking for points in his trade does not go up into a tower and view the whole city, but examines one building after another; the printer learning his trade does not watch a room full of compositors, but stands by a frame and takes one man as an example. The clerkly, mechanical and eminently practical mind needs exactly the same kind of preaching. A definite kind of a man must be preached at or the shot scatters and no one is hit. The noise of the gun may give a man an idea that shooting is going on, but, if he doesn't either feel the shot tingling in his flesh or hear the whistle past his ear, he remains pretty tolerably comfortable, and is not afraid to go to sleep.

The *dilettante* religionist, the luxurious pewholder and easy going worldling do not care to be hit too often, and would sometimes rather hear mankind get an overhauling generically than have their pet sins held up to public scorn. They do not like to see their neighbors turn in their pews and gaze at them with a "that's-meant-for-you" look. But the earnest and practical man and woman cannot have it rubbed is too hard; that's what they are there for! If you can describe one case which one man in the congregation can feel is a picture of himself, you can be certain you are hitting the biggest half of your hearers somewhere.

In speaking as I have about Berkeley street church, I intend to convey no idea that it is below the Metropolitan or any other city church in intelligence, but that it is above a great many others in hard sense and earnestness. So many speakers forget the principles I have reiterated that I desire to apply them to a congregation rather than to the pastor. Rev. Mr. Benson is a popular preacher, and his lectures have been listened to with pleasure all over Canada, but in hearing him last Sunday night, I felt that he was clothing his ideas with the rainbow rather than pouring out the truth like a thunderbolt.

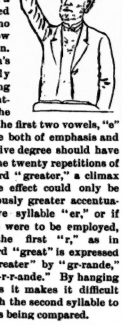
His voice is pleasant, and he is unaffected and gentle. His reading is good, and he seems sincere and in love with godliness. Sometimes I hear preachers who seem half sorry that they have to be pious or lose their job. He is not that kind of a man; he appears to love righteousness and take it for granted that everyone feels interested in heaven and what it is like. The contrary is true. The majority never concern themselves with whether heaven's walls are of jasper or brick. When they get sick they wonder if there is a hell, and when convalescent, as a rule, guess there isn't any such place.

He apparently takes it for granted that men are convinced already of a certain amount of their sinfulness. Not so. He should adopt some of the style of B. B. Osler and cross-examine them on the condition of their soul and the wickedness of their ways. If each man is put into the witness box and jerked backwards and forwards, pulled up and down, shoved from one side to the other and then shown how he has contradicted himself he would go home sore and perhaps penitent. It does not do to put a man in the box, ask him if he is a sinner, accept his answer "maybe a little but none to hurt," and dismiss him with a gentle benediction, or the remark that he had better look out and see if he cannot improve. Such a proceeding in the courts would elicit very little evidence or reveal much of the self-deceit which makes a man contented till some one tears off the mask and shows him he has not only been wrong, but has really perjured himself.

I have dwelt on this sort of thing so often that my readers will think I like to see the sinner lambasted every night. So I do. I feel better myself when some one wakes me up and shows me how mean I am. But in going the rounds in Toronto, I seldom hear an old-fashioned talk, such as used to make me wince.

Perhaps I am becoming hardened, but I think the reason is to be found in the indirectness of the prevalent discourse. I liked to hear Bro. Benson quote poetry, for he does it well, but it did not interest me to hear him describe "the greater things which have come to pass since the time of Nathanael," because time did not admit of it being well done, and the catalogue of inventions, improvements and progressive movements was not edifying inasmuch as it has been gone over by every public speaker on every platform to every audience a dozen times. Again I do not think Christ referred to railways, ocean cables and telephones and I am not aware that Nathanael lived to see these things, though they were crowded into examples under the text "Thou shalt see greater things than these" (John I, 50) which referred to the previous clause "Because I said unto thee I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou?" and to the one following the text, "Ye shall see the heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." Bro. Benson gave himself a chance to introduce these topics by pointing out that we have seen greater things than Nathanael did, but even in this way he was inconsequent because the wonders of invention are to be accounted for by natural laws and Christ's discernment of Nathanael under the fig tree was supernatural.

However I do not intend to criticise the sermon, only to indicate the weakness of the applicatory portion of the discourse. When Bro. Benson referred to the "greater things than these" shown by the power of faith in making men and women better and purer he was quite effective but was remiss in particularizing. He told us we must be truthful, honest, faithful and pure. True enough. But what picture or phrase did he give us to carry away? If he had pictured a wicked man or worthless woman won over to godliness by the power of the Spirit or faith in teachings delivered to the people two thousand years ago he would have shown us something in the line of "greater things than these" and he could have found a thousand instances within his own experience. Nathanael was converted by an exhibition of supernatural power; greater than this is the victory of faith in Christ when He is not with us and He and His power are unseen. Such an application, which indeed was made in a general but indistinct way and without any illustration, would have enabled the speaker to properly introduce an effective example of the power of faith unto conversion and in describing it he might have touched a hundred hearts, whereas the rhapsody in which his knowledge of English shone brightly, and the fact of a European tour beamed forth occasionally, had no power to quicken the slow pulses of self-satisfied sin.



Rev. Manley Benson's elocution is generally good, but in emphasizing "greater," as he frequently had occasion to do, he uncorrectly hung on to the first two vowels, "e" and "a." For the sake both of emphasis and inflection, the comparative degree should have been dwelt upon. In the twenty repetitions of the phrase and the word "greater," a climax was intended, and the effect could only be produced by a continuously greater accentuation of the comparative syllable "er," or if "continental" methods were to be employed, by the trilling of the first "r," as in Spanish, where the word "great" is expressed by "grande" and "greater" by "gr-rande," and "greatest" by "gr-r-rande." By hanging on to the center vowels it makes it difficult for the voice to rise with the second syllable to the substantive which is being compared.

The choir sings nicely, and is full of sweet young voices, but needs a stronger and bolder bass. Because many of the people I saw at church are my friends and acquaintances, I have taken the liberty in this article of referring to the constituent parts of the congregation, feeling, that to follow the rule I have laid down for others, I myself must be specific in my application. I am sure that under the circumstances they will pardon the liberty.

DON.

Literary Notes.

It is announced that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is very comfortably established in Florence for the winter with her two boys.

*

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice has accepted a poem from Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox for the February *North American*. It is the first relapse from prosiness to be credited to that magazine under its present management.

*

The *Elite* is a new publication which is issued in Brooklyn by Messrs. McFeeters and Bagnall. It is a bright paper, cleverly written and handsomely printed, and has already found favor with the society people to whom it caters.

*

There is shortly to appear a book violently attacking the Jews of America, the hope of the author evidently being that such attacks will make a sensation, and thus insure to the affair a big circulation, such as that really able book, La France Juive, (from which the American work is to be mainly cribbed), had in France. But it is to be hoped the Jews of America have too much good sense to play into the hands of the speculator on their feelings, and they will probably leave the work severely alone.

*

First Friend—I should think Dudly's last volume of lyrics would raise the devil in the bosom of his family. All those loves and ladies with mouths of fire and wine, long, lithe limbs, and budding breasts, must set Mistress Dudly a-thinking, eh!

Second Friend—Oh, he got round that all right.

First Friend—How?

Second Friend—Dedicated his book to her.

First Friend—And so she imagines she's all of them! black-eyed; gray-eyed; ebon-haired; tawny-haired; a lady of delight, and Heaven knows what not! By Jove! it is worse than being a composite photograph.—*N. Y. Topics.*

*

It ought to be a lesson worth heeding that the best four successes on the New York stage to-day are American plays, and that most of the importations have been failures this season. No one will be found to deny that the Henrietta is the greatest success the Union Square theater has ever known even in its palmiest days. The Wife at the Lyceum is just as distinctively American in its color, and is a season's success like the other. Anarchy at the Standard, though built on a story of the French Revolution, is of American workmanship, and thoroughly original, while the Railroad of Love is a play, the plot of which has been taken from the German, but so altered by Augustin Daly that it may fairly be called a piece of home workmanship. Nor has it needed any special boosting nor any call upon patriotism to make these pieces successful. They have done well out of their own intrinsic merit, and have brought their authors and their managers a very large return for their work and confidence. When will Canada make a hit?

*

One of New York's big publishers in an interview has said he looks confidently forward to the passage of some MS. International Copyright bill this session of Congress. "We have been talking over it for forty years," he said, "but up to ten years ago no American publishers really wanted such a law. Whenever it came up at Washington the Harpers, the Appletons, and Scribners and Putnams lobbied against it. We simply could not exist in those days if we had to pay authors' fees for foreign literature, whereas, we now support an International Copyright Law in self defense, for we are fairly strangled by the cheap publishers. The numerous low-priced libraries grab everything that is worth publishing directly it is issued abroad, and we cannot keep up our reputation for good work in the face of their rivalry. To tell you the truth, it is not the interest of the American author we are looking after, but our own. I believe the cheap libraries intend to pool their issues, and spend a good deal of money in Washington to prevent the passage of the proposed act." Thus the whole question is reversed. The very men who for years have fought a copyright act are now in favor of it, and vice versa. In Canada, also, the pirates have been swamped by the pirates and are ready for a change.

*

The most cherished superstition with the collector of books is that in the value of the limited edition. Theoretically, the faith he has in it is justified. A book of which only 100 copies are printed must become rarer and consequently more valuable as a rarity than one of which 100,000 are issued from the press. But it must be rare in order to be valuable. If 100 copies are promised and 100,000 printed, it has no greater value than any other cheap and unlimited publication in the market. Consequently, if the limited edition is not really limited, it must be a swindle on the public which is called upon to pay a high price for it on the ground of its exceptional quality, quite as much so as if the purchaser was induced to purchase paste under the representation that it was real diamond, or exchange good money for a counterfeit note. The limited edition fraud appears to be more actively worked than ever. The market is just now full of a certain art work which was made in Paris for a New York publisher, and put out on a guarantee that an edition of 1000 only would be sold. As the subscription price was a hundred dollars and more, it may be noted that this restriction of the number would have been profitable enough to the publisher. But it was not enough for him. Instead of destroying the plates as he guaranteed, he scratched only a couple of them. The rest he kept intact for future use. In order to deliver to his patrons a set of scratched impressions he had impressions taken from the plates on paper that had previously had a scratch printed on it. The original plates, with the exception of a couple that were destroyed before this plan was hit upon, are still existent and capable of being used for any number of ever issues.

Here and There.

On Tuesday I dropped into the office so suddenly vacated by E. Strachan Cox and saw Bailiff Severn disposing of the goods and chattels of that Napoleon of finance. It was wonderful to see the curiosity exhibited by the crowd that assembled there. The floor was strewn with cancelled cheques, the letter files were opened, discussed and all their contents put on exhibition, and nobody seemed ashamed to manifest his interest in the affairs of the "darling" whose allurements have brought many besides the Central Bank people to grief. Cox was a high roller and a bad example to the young men of this town. His financial operations were conducted without any regard to the effect it would have on those who dealt with him. Many a man has been ruined in that back room, where on Tuesday old chairs were selling for the price of new ones and rickety tables were being bought as souvenirs of the great "plunger." The blackboards had no quotations on them, the tickers were silent and the look of desolation and ruin seemed to impress everyone present with the certain end of those who seek for fortune in a bucket-shop.

* * *

I saw the faces of men there who have dropped their thousands in that very office, and I asked one of them if he had ever been there before. He said "Yes; once," and gave a very leery looking grin. Cox's failure and the voice of the bailiff should serve as a warning to some of the bloods and speculators who have followed the "darling" as their leader.

* * *

Buying wine and bossing baseball clubs and whooping her up at races made the boys think Cox was a dandy, and his gorgeousness and apparent success has doubtless led many a young man to think that anyone who works is a fool when good times and lashins of money can be made in keeping a saloon or running a bucket-shop. They forget that it is the man who runs the bucket-shop who has the money; and Cox's fate should teach them that wealth made that way is apt to take unto itself wings, and that the broker is very apt to have to put on a pair himself and flit to the geographical thence to escape the result of his recklessness.

* * *

Great pains were taken to open the elegant cabinet in his office, only to find therein packages of Louisiana lottery tickets, sweepstake tickets and all sorts of gambling material of that kind, which, however, were no worse than the bucket-shop itself. Cox himself was a genial sort of fellow, with a kindness of heart and companionable nature that made him a specially dangerous companion. He did not lack the graces which make up the man who is popularly styled a "good fellow"; gave nice dinners and welcomed his guests in a hearty, whole-souled sort of way. He opened wine with the freedom and abandon of a man who did not care for money. Personally courageous and ready for a scrap, it is not wonderful that the boys and young fellows of the town thought "Eddy" Cox a thorough-bred and a man to be patterned after. They never thought of the clerks and bookkeepers and confidential employes who lost their own and employers' money in that back room. They never saw the mothers who wept over erring boys, or the fathers whose faces were covered with shame by the conduct of their sons. Perhaps now they will think of some of the widows and aged people whose money was so cheerfully chequed out of the Central Bank by "darling" Cox a few days before it suspended, and perhaps they would not have relished the wine quite so well if in it they had tasted the tears, and in its fizz they had heard the sobbing of those who had lost their all.

* * *

Yes, my son, there were some lessons to be learned in the bailiff's sale on Toronto street last Tuesday, and some of the lads in there will be apt to remember those blackboards when they are tempted into a bucket shop to put up their money on margins. They will remember the wind up of the "plunger's" Toronto career and keep their earnings in their pockets or put them in a savings bank while they go out and hoe corn or follow some honest if sweaty toil as the best way to make a fortune.

* * *

I am told that about half of the gentlemen who have flitted from us belong to a prominent city club. What will be done with them may not reach the ears of the general public, but enough has already been said on the streets to indicate that the most exclusive of Toronto clubs could stand a good deal of weeding, and that, too, among the club men who talk the loudest about keeping up the tone of the organization.

* * *

Talking about clubs, I have heard it hinted that language anything but choice can sometimes be heard in crowded rooms where gentlemen unaccustomed to that sort of thing are forced to listen. The house committees have been slow in interfering in this sort of thing, and they cannot commence too soon.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held on Tuesday afternoon, and the City Council Chamber seldom contains as much brains as it did then. The business men of Toronto, as represented by the Board of Trade, are a fine looking body. Their sharp eyes and bright faces, crowned as many of them are by grey hairs, were an impressive sight. Toronto's Board of Trade is a thoroughly representative body, and it would be no doubt difficult for a resolution to pass anything like a full meeting without being thoroughly examined and intelligently discussed. Few speeches were made, but they were all good, sharp, ringing and to the point. The quickness with which the audience grasped every point and shade of meaning was delightful. The evidence of this was seen when Hon. John Macdonald arose after the president's address and enquired why the names of the mover and seconder of the Commercial Union resolution had been omitted while the motion itself had been given in full. The president replied that in the opinion of the Board it had been considered inadvisable to omit the names. The Hon. Mr. Macdonald at once moved that the names be inserted, and some young man seconded the motion.

* * *

As the honorable John was himself the mover of the resolution in question it seemed like a piece of execrable taste for him to get up and clamor for its insertion in the president's address. It so impressed every member of the Board. It is seldom you see an audience so thoroughly disgusted, and Mr. Bertram was not slow to express his opinion in very forcible words. The honorable John was not ready, however, to be sat upon, and he uprose again and stated that the names had been eliminated by the Council, and that as the speech was an official utterance it would not be an historical document unless the paternity of the resolution was made known therein. It seemed a childish affair and irritated the members, but the justice of inserting the names soon became apparent, and the query, why were they eliminated? suggested jealousy or some ulterior motive. Two or three speeches were made, when Mr. Henry W. Darling, ex-president, arose, and in his oppressively well-informed way endeavored to point out that it would be a bad precedent to establish. On his rising a second time the Board endeavored to pound him down, and made a manifestation of its dislike of his imperious style in the most unmistakable way. But Henry could not be called off, and he made his speech. Hugh Blain followed him, and scored the point that, as the president's address was supposed to embody the views of the Board, it would be a most dangerous precedent to establish a rule that it must not be criticized. The feeling had entirely changed. The three or four hundred men were largely in favor of inserting the honorable John's name together with that of his seconder, Mr. Wilkie. Some one suggested that it be left to the president who in turn announced that if it were left in his hands he would certainly replace the names. The honorable John thereupon moved concurrence in the speech, and that it be printed for the benefit of the members.

* * *

In thinking over the matter it struck me that Mr. Macdonald did exactly what was right. He could easily have deputed some member of the Board to make the motion. He was courageous enough to make it himself. There was no hunker-sliding about it. He simply demanded what was right. The resolution was an important one, carefully worded, discussed at great length, and had an important effect on public opinion. Why should the honor of it be taken away from him or the paternity of it be concealed? He demanded nothing but justice and he did it in the straightforward, hard-headed manner which characterizes all his doings. He felt that in framing and assisting to carry the resolution he had done good work and was not disposed to have it ignored. He knows, as every business man knows, that if a man does not assert himself he will be put in the background. If any man is willing to be sat upon, everyone will jump on and sit. The more I think of it the more I admire his nerve. It takes courage, first-class courage, to rise up in a large audience like that and do what he did. The very fact that his action was open to the criticism of bad taste made it a harder thing to do, but he did it in a self-respecting, and not at all in a self-assertive, manner. I have no doubt that those who heard him respected him all the more for it. It may be noted just here that while he was alone when he first spoke, the majority were with him before he got through. I like a man who cannot be sat upon when he is right, and everybody else respects that sort of thing. The way the Board changed its opinion was an evidence of its thorough fairness and ability to grasp the fine point raised.

* * *

Joe Chamberlain, who was so well treated while in Toronto, is the incident of the season at Washington, and his reminiscences and comments will be delicious when published. He is without place or honor in the social world of England, being tolerated by Tory aristocrats simply as a useful deserter from the Liberal middle classes. During his recent progress in Ulster the county people severely ignored his banquets and meetings, and the only occasion on which he was recognized in Europe was when the Sultan gave him a meal and a snuff-box. Washington, however, suits him down to the ground. There are good wines and fair food, a certain class of amusing females and some of the sterner sex, who are well stocked with droll stories. Joe is taking it all in, and now that his secretaries have little to do, they have more leisure for chronicling the impressions and opinions of their efflorescent chief. Joe always was of a thrifty turn of mind. The fun he is having don't cost him a cent, and he will turn quite a pretty penny if he copyrights his coming book and gets some one to publish it by subscription.

* * *

The announcement of Rev. W. S. Rainsford's name as a newly-elected vice-president of the Nineteenth Century club was premature, though a New York paper says the election is likely to take place. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, the president of the club, says no name, save that of Mrs. Mary Putnam Jacobi, has lately been added to the list of vice-presidents, which includes Mr. Daniel G. Thompson, Mr. Parke Godwin, Rabbi G. Gottheil, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Mr. Dwight H. Olmsted, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. R. J. Cross, Mr. Noah Davis, Rev. William Lloyd, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Henry, Mr. Day, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Brander Matthews, La Marquise Lanza, Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Charles H. Stebbins, Mrs. H. J. Hayden, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. F. A. P. Barnard, Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, Miss Amy Townsend, and Mr. Wm. Travers Jerome, the secretary, an admirable list, and one that it would seem should welcome the name of a Christian leader, if he consents to go in.

The Highest Bidder at the Grand, the latter part of last week, was a charming and drawing attraction. Young Sothern will yet be as popular a comedian as his father. The company was excellent and the play well worthy of the success it has achieved.

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At the Grand this week the first three nights the stage was held by Edouin & Sanger's Sparks Company. A Bunch of Keys is verily a bunch of rubbish. Marietta,—known on the programme as "Teddy Keys, a wild rose-bud with the accompanying thorns,"—was a sappy piece of basswood in semi-transparent stockings, which seemed to enclose the only portion of her anatomy that had any ability. She could dance a little, but she could not do anything else. Ninety-five per cent. of what she said was unintelligible to the audience. She tried to talk fast, jumbled her lines and was inaudible half a dozen seats from the footlights. The next individual was described on the programme as "Rose Keys, her sister, also of the Rose variety, but full-blown and rather of the primrose order." This candid description should be taken literally. All I can add to it is that she is very much of the Early Rose potato order. She wore good clothes, and came on and off in the usual variety style, accompanied by her sister, May Keys, another young woman who did nothing amusing, but sang very well in the quartette. Dolly Dobbs, supposed to be a domestic, jumped on and off the stage like a breachy colt, and was noticeable for being pudgy and too well developed sideways for her height. "Matilda Jenkins, searching for her lost one"—I'll spare you a description of this doleful lunatic. Gilly Spooner, Jonas Grimes, Tom Harding, Sam Foss completed the cord of wood supposed to make up the cast with the exception of Littleton Snags, set forth on the bill as "a legal gentleman who knows as much about running a hotel as some in that business do." It may also be said that he probably knows how to run a hotel nearly as well as he knows how to act. He and Grimesy were the best of them all and that is not much of a recommendation. The latter was no good in comparison to other Grimesys that have been here in the same part.

*

The downstairs audience was small; the gallery very good. Everybody laughed and seemed to go away satisfied but to the unfortunates who had seen the thing before the performance was a misery. Good acting made the thing funny when it came here first, but after this week it need not come here again. A Bunch of Keys has made more money than any play of its class ever put on the road, but it is getting tired and should retire.

*

A Bunch of Keys, and the deterioration of the people who are presenting it, proves to me that a plotless comedy has no business to travel more than two seasons. While Uncle Tom's Cabin, Hazel Kirke, East Lynne, and some other "cry-pieces" can go humping around the country year in and year out presented by the poorest class of actors who are known to the profession as Uncle Tommers, Hazel Kirkers and East Lynners, a comedy cannot do any such thing. The surprises of the burlesque, and the utter abandon of the new comedy, may make people roar for one night and make them sick for two.

*

The crowd at the Toronto Opera House to see the Lights o' London was another evidence of this. The melo-drama, full of the struggles and misfortunes and passions of man can never grow entirely old. Dropping out the Armytages altogether, though they are interesting enough, Seth Preene, Joe Jarvis, Shakespeare his son, Muldoon, Jim, Bess Marks, Hetty Preene, Mrs. Jarvis, and all that crowd, are full of interest to the masses. The play is a picture of life that every one can conceive of. The passions, temptations, weaknesses, jokes and jollities are so natural that, as Mr. Jones says in his lecture (reproduced on another page), you are almost deceived into believing it real life. Lights o' London draws like a porous plaster, particularly where prices are low. The scenery, too, is attractive, and does a good deal to assist in the illusion and make people who have seen it advise their friends not to miss it.

*

Janauschek finishes the week at the Grand. It is unfortunate for her that there are other attractive events on Thursday evening, or she would open with a society audience. The Royal Canadian yacht club ball will attract a large number who will probably go to the theater Friday or Saturday. Bill Nye's lecture, under the auspices of the Press club, will take a crowd to Association Hall, but I am sure theater-goers will be careful not to omit seeing her.

*

Imre Kiralfy's spectacular production of Lagardere the Hunchback of Paris, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House the whole of next week. The play enjoyed a run of one hundred nights in New York early in the season at Niblo's Garden theatre. The story of the play, which is a very romantic one, tells of, the preservation of a high-born infant by Henri de Lagardere, the first swordsman of Europe, who, coming to fight a duel with the Count de Nevers, stays vainly to defend his noble antagonist from assassins, but effectually to rescue his antagonist's child; the growth of the babe to womanhood and Lagardere's successful conduct of the child to her mother's arms, to rank and fortune, in the face of legions of hostile swords, of tricks and ambushes; Lagardere's assumption of the disguise of a vile hunchback, whom he has slain; the temporary reverse of all his schemes; the final triumph in which he also wins the hand of the maid for whom he has risked life and honor—here is every delicious element of improbability, every appeal to the sense of chivalry, every charm for the spirit of adventure. All of the magnificent scenery used in the metropolitan production will be brought here. Mr. Kiralfy has given especial attention to the selection of a ballet corp who appear in two new ballets.

*

Would it not be a good idea to introduce the theater-party in Toronto? It is a pleasant way for people who have no room to entertain their friends otherwise, of doing their share towards making a gay season. It has been, and is, a very popular feature in New York, and would be a very pleasant thing here. A great many people go out who have no room to receive their friends at home. A theater party with a little dinner after it is as jolly as can be.

PEOPLE WE'VE SEEN.

Alice Dunning Lingard is still in England, reaping a harvest of good fortune as an appreciation of her graceful ability as an artist.

William Horace Lingard, whose star has been in the ascendant ever since he left America, has simply been coining money with his two Pepita companies, both of which appear to have hit the taste of the British public.

It is told of Richard Mansfield's early career in England, that when engaged by D'Oyley Carte to sing in The Sorcerer in his provincial company, he received but $15 a week the first season and $20 in the second season. His strike for an extra pound a week secured his prompt remand back to London, and proved the making of his career.

The seventh hundred performance of Erminie will take place at the Casino on February 29.

Mr. Edgerly, Miss Coghlan's husband, is not to accompany her on her starring tour this time in Jocelyn, and, in fact, Mr. Pitou made this a condition of his contract with the lady. Mr. Pitou feels like most managers, that the husbands of star actresses are undesirable people to have around. They are in the way in front of the house when the audiences wish to express their approbation of the star in their own language, and when they meddle with their wives' business, they are more in the way than ever, and render the life of the manager very uncomfortable.

Mr. Pitou says: Jocelyn is a romantic play in four acts. The scene is laid in France at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII. The leading part is a wonderful star part and admirably adapted to Miss Coghlan's talent. The story is interesting, the situations are strong and there are several novel dramatic surprises. It is a play entirely different from any I have read anywhere or seen on any stage. The four acts transpire in three days.

But some of the critics say of it: "Mrs. Langtry gave another evidence of her great good sense in refusing it. I do not know of a play that has ever been fixed in the Huguenot or Puritan period that has made a success in this country. The average audiences do not understand the stilted language of that period, and have so little interest in it that they don't care to learn. The dresses of the time, particularly the female ones, are ungraceful and sombre. But in this piece Mr. Charles Coghlan has piled on the agony. The play almost opens with the death of three brothers, for whom the sympathies of the audience are supposed to be aroused, and it ends with three more deaths, so that by the time the play is over, about the only people living are Miss Coghlan and her lover, for I don't doubt the audience will be half dead of boredom by that time."

Ellen Terry has her little eccentricities. One very dull day at the Lyceum, in London, we are told, she amused herself by sliding down the banisters leading to the dressing rooms. The company was shocked, and, when they saw Irving coming, expected a scene not down on the bills. But Miss Terry went up to Irving with clasped hands. "If you please," said she, in penitential tone, "I can't help it; the place is so gloomy." And Irving answered, "I like it; do it again!"

Only the wiliest managerial strategy prevented a breach recently between Mrs. James Brown Potter and her leading man, Kyrle Bellew. It appears that while in New York Mr. Bellew was quite satisfied with his position, second to the star, but once on the road, where it was necessary to extend his reputation, various were the ways and devious the methods by which he sought to make himself felt. Immediately after Romeo and Juliet was added to the repertoire Mr. Bellew, I am told, took on an air of indispensability, and "permitted himself to be interviewed"—in the language of the irate star—in every city the company visited. Mr. Bellew, in these interviews, without saying it in so many words, gave the recording scribe to understand that Mrs. Potter was wholly dependent upon him for stage business. Not a step forward or backward, not a gesture or the raising of an eyelid did she perpetrate without first consulting him. Of course, when these tidings came to Mrs. Potter's ears she was very angry, for, like all people who imagine themselves a genius, she prides herself on originality. But she stilled her wrath, and bided her time. Her opportunity came about a week ago. Mr. Bellew, when he was off the stage, had a way of going to the prompter and taking the book, assuming a position so near the stage that he was in full view of the people in the opposite side of the theatre. Then he would motion his hands upwards when Mrs. Potter raised her voice, or beckon forward or wave his arms back when she came forward or retired up the stage, manifestly to convey the impression that he had the entire charge of the dramatic future of the star, and that she acted literally under his directions. Mrs. Potter determined that this annoyance should end, and went one night after the recital of a long speech, to the wings, and taking the book from Mr. Bellew ordered him peremptorily away, putting the prompter again in charge. Of course, Mr. Bellew was mightily offended, but Mrs. Potter was firm in insisting that he had no right to hold the book. There was a lively row for a few days, and although Mr. Bellew continues in the company, he no longer poses as Mrs. Potter's dramatic instructor.

Bob Downing, the handsome tragedian, recently played a one-night stand in the South, where the Salvation Army held nightly meetings, and with bass-drum paraded the streets. Bob, in company with Joe Mack, quietly took in one of these meetings, during which they were handed a card, which read as follows:

"If I should die to-night, I would go to——."

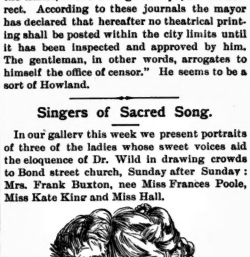
Bob wrote on the reverse side of the card as follows, handed it in and walked away:

"If I play this town again I will go to hell."—*Cin. Enq.*

One of the New York dramatic papers says: "In his crusade against indecent printing the mayor of Chichgo will have the commendation of every respectable member of the theatrical profession if he but confines himself to the suppression of objectionable pictorial paper. In his zeal, however, the official has gone beyond the limits, if the Chicago newspapers are correct. According to these journals the mayor has declared that hereafter no theatrical printing shall be posted within the city limits until it has been inspected and approved by him. The gentleman, in other words, arrogates to himself the office of censor." He seems to be a sort of Howland.

Singers of Sacred Song.

In our gallery this week we present portraits of three of the ladies whose sweet voices aid the eloquence of Dr. Wild in drawing crowds to Bond street church, Sunday after Sunday: Mrs. Frank Buxton, nee Miss Frances Poole, Miss Kate King and Miss Hall.



MRS. FRANK BUXTON.

Mrs. Buxton is a very pretty brunette and is of a quiet, retiring disposition. She has a light soprano voice of great purity and sweetness. Mrs. Buxton has severed her connection with Bond street choir and is about to return a bride to her native place, London, England.

MISS KATE KING.

Miss Kate King has been in the Bond street choir for several years. She is also a brunette and is very engaging in her manner. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano and is very sweet in the lower notes.

MISS HALL.

Miss Hall's pleasant features are familiar to frequenters of this church, where she has sung for over eight years. She has a soprano voice of considerable range.

After the Dinner.

Miss Gotham—What an elegant menu they had!

Miss Chicago—Did they? Well, now, I didn't notice it. You see, I was so busy sizing up the bill of fare.—*Life.*

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEN CONSPIRES WITH RUFE GILBERT.

Ben got back to the village tavern just in time to witness his father's disembarkation at the hands of Rufe Gilbert. Supposing that there must be some reason for his old-time friend's practical joke, he found an opportunity of getting Rufe up into his room, where he pulled off his wig, and was recognized at once.

"Well, by ——, It's Ben Jones. When in — did you git back?"

"Yesterday. I'm laying low for some fun with the Deacon, and I saw you taking a little out of him yourself tonight, so I thought we might as well stand in."

"I saw yeh standing there, but didn't know who in —— it was! They think 'round here yeh air president of the railroad, tryin' teh git yer graft in on town lots!"

"Why were you doing the old man up? Has he been making a fool of himself?"

Rufe's face took on another degree of blackness as he answered: "Well, I should say so. He was up to th' house jest before I started out Ruth, and for two cents I'd uv thrown him out into th' road!"

"The old fool! And what did Ruth say?"

"She's always ready for a lark, and was givin' him taffy till he couldn't see. I thought first it was mother he was after, an' if it had ben, I'd uv punched his head in jest a minute. She's gittin' old an' doty-like, an' no tellin' what she might do! But Ruth! She kin take care uv herself, an' more, too!"

"Yes, I know she can. I wonder if she would join us in a lark with the Deacon?"

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, encourage the old man for a while and then give him the bounce and call us in to help do it."

"By —— that'd be a picnic eh!" Rufe laughed and slapped his knee. All at once he seemed to take offence and grumbled out: "But how'd Ruth look! I aint gunto have her made a fool uv!"

"Don't talk like a fool yourself Rufe," Ben retorted sharply. "I wouldn't see Ruth put in any false position for all the jokes and deacons in the country. There will be no one to see it excepting those of us who won't tell and Ruth herself will be glad to teach old Sniv. that she doesn't thank him for his attentions."

"Of course! All right. I only wanted to see that Ruth wouldn't get laughed at or talked about. I don't care nuthin' about that sort of thing fer me but but 'ith Ruth its diff-runt—she's a gurl." Rufe was a great admirer of Ben and his admiration had grown into positive awe, when during the prodigal's visit home he had informed his old chum that he was an actor. To Rufe Gilbert who had been to the theater but seldom and never before had a speaking acquaintence with an actor, the mysteries of the greenroom were something that he hardly dare hope to fathom. He was a skeptic in religion, and a blasphemer by everyday practice, but his veneration for theatrical mysteries was like that of the Hebrew, who dare not look upon the lifting of the sacred veil. To be on intimate terms with a real actor, who had probably been behind the scenes in all the best theaters in America, and could tell about the real life of wizards and ventriloquists, nigger minstrels and clowns, beautiful actresses and the gaudy ballet girls, was a distinction of which he was proud and made him a ready instrument for the torture Ben proposed to inflict on his father.

"I suppose continued Ben, "the Deacon will be back to see Ruth before long?"

"How the —— should I know! I left before supper was over, and hadn't heard any of their plans!"

"Unless the old man got down to popping the question on the first trip, you can bet he'll be back, and at an early date too.

"Yeh don't guess he'd ast mother er Ruth teh marry him first crack, do yeh?" enquired Rufe, in some alarm, lest, in his absence, some serious step might be taken.

"Hardly Rufe! It would be pretty difficult for even Deacon Snivington to propose to two women at once, or to either one of them with the other by. Let me know to-morrow what the old man did and when he'll be there again. You needn't tell Ruth anything about me, or maybe she wouldn't have it. Let on that you don't care much what she does and tell her to have all the fun with the Deacon she can."

"Well, what then?" queried Rufe with a lingering suspicion that he was making trouble for Ruth.

"Why, when we find out when his nobbs the widower is to renew his suit, I'll fix up and go visiting at your house and be on deck to help throw the Deacon out when he gets too fresh!"

"Ruth won't stand that!" Rufe interrupted, gloomily. "She'd think it mean and underhanded and kick like a steer. I know she won't stand it so yeh can fix on suthin' else!"

"She needn't know it simple! I have makeups in my trunks that would disguise me from the best friend I've got. I can be dead and dumb and go up with you to play the piano for her! How would that do? I could sit in the room and hear the whole business. By Jove, I'd give a farm to humilate the old hypocrite by hearing his love making and laughing at him for his pains."

"Fix it just as yeh like, but don't give yerself away till after yeh git away from our place er Ruth'd never fergive me."

After a pause and in a soft voice Rufe continued:

"I like Ruthie an' I don't want her teh hate me. I s'pose yeh think I hain't capable fer likin' anythin', but I am an' Ruthie an' mother 's all I got."

"I admire you for that sentiment, Rufe," exclaimed Ben, warmly, seizing his friend's hand; "you can rely on me to keep the peace and see that nothing happens to offend Ruth's sense of what's right. You might give me credit for liking Ruth a little myself and having some regard for her feelings."

Ben spoke lightly, but Rufe received the impression that his friend intended to convey the idea that he was half in love with Ruth himself. When Ben was home on his memorable visit, he had frequently spent an afternoon and evening with the Gilbert's, and in his half-joking way had been very familiar with Ruth who, much as she may have wished he had been a lover, never entertained the idea. Rufe, though, had a high opinion of his sister, and had secretly hoped Ben would marry her and settle down. When he heard of the purchase of the old Birch homestead, the foolish fellow at once imagined Ruth was to be its mistress, and now the old ambition sprang up within him again.

"All right, Ben, I know you won't do nothin' wrong, so plan it to suit yerself," he concluded, heartily. "I'm in with yer fer most anything."

For half an hour longer Rufe and Ben sat talking together over old times and the scrapes they had been in together. With a reticence he hardly understood, Ben led up to the encounter he had had with Joe Roach, and the cause of it.

"What did the young blackguard mean by talking the way he did to the Campton girl?" he enquired.

"I don't know much more about it than you do!" answered Rufe, suddenly losing his vivacity. "I think it's a shame th' way people are talking about that gurl. I always thought she was too high up an' perfect even teh speak to, but they seem to say she naint no better'n the rest, though I swear I can't b'lieve it!"

"What have you heard?" persisted Ben, through a cloud of cigar smoke.

"That old Hooper woman was to our place last week an' hinted that Hope hed suthin' th' matter of her character er suthin, an' kind uv let on it happened afore she came here, but she didn't say who th' man was er how she know'd!"

"The child is only nineteen now, and she's been here for three or four years."

"That's what Ruth said, but Mrs. Hooper guessed she was older'n that, and mother kinder sided in and said she looked to be nigher twenty-five than twenty. I didn't hear 'em talkin' er I think I would have throwed the old tattle out of th' house. Ruth did giv the old huzzy a blast, but I notice even she aint in no hurry runnin' after Hope,"

"Did Mrs. Hooper tell where she heard the story?"

"No, only that she got it so straight that there couldn't be no mistake. Ruth understood her to say that Hope owned up teh th' bull thing."

"I don't believe a word of it, Rufe! They are slandering the poor girl, and if I were any relative of her's, I'd sift the thing to the bottom and see what it means."

"Yer I don't b'lieve it mother; but what kin yeh do if she don't deny it herself?"

"I don't think she's ever had a chance to deny it!"

"For my part," continued Rufe, shifting uneasily in his chair and seeming much embarrassed, "I can't look at them eyes of hern and think—er—anything bad. I can't think she's ever did anythin' wrong; but if I was to take her part, people'd be sure she wa'n't right. Now, wouldn't they?"

"No, Rufe," said Ben, gravely, "you're mistaken. The worst man there is—and you don't call yourself that—can defend an innocent woman without doing her harm, and it is his duty to do it!"

"Then do it yerself!" exclaimed Rufe. "I will help yeh lick anyone that won't b'lieve yeh!"

"Maybe I will," answered Ben, thoughtfully, "though likely enough I won't get thanked for my interference!"

Rufe rose to go. He felt ill at ease, and he was a poor hand at concealment.

"Let me know when yer comes to, and be sure and say nothing to Ruth of our plans. I'll fix myself so she won't know me, and it'll be all the more fun."

"All right! I'll go yeh, Ben; but somehow I feel kinder mean about it. I'll see yeh, tomorrow."

Two hours later Ben was still sitting in his dingy little room, smoking and gazing vacantly at the hideous paper on the walls, seeing nothing but the beautiful face that looked so sadly up at him that night, as he opened the old red gate to let her pass. Could he doubt the innocence and truth of those tearful eyes? Yet other eyes had looked wistfully and tenderly into his, and a voice as soft as Hope's had spoken love, and vowed to be true to him, and had been false.

"I'm older now," he argued with himself. "I know the world, and cannot be deceived as I was then." But still the other face would rise up before him, and change into the half-drunken and lustful recklessness it had worn when he discovered her perfidy, and found her carousing with a man as foul and vicious, though as handsome as could be found in all the much abused theatrical class.

Often as Hope's fair face came to him, the other face came also, but still he did not waver in his belief that Hope was pure and good, nor did he for an instant falter in his determination to find the truth.

CHAPTER XX.

AN AFTER-MEETIN' DINNER PARTY.

The Deacon and Lou and Israel had been "to meetin'," and Bessie, who had remained home to take care of Aunt Becky and prepare dinner, was surprised to see them return with quite a company of visitors.

"Of all people in the world!" she exclaimed, "if they haven't brought Maggie McTagger and her mother and brother back from meeting with them."

Hope Campton, who of late had not been attending church very frequently, was leaning listlessly against the side of the window, looking sadly out at the bright day which held no brightness for her. She had been almost tempted to confide her troubles to Bessie, but the fear that the daughter, out of filial affection, might side with the father, had made it impossible to speak, though the misery of silence and the longing for some friend upon whom she could lean was almost insupportable.

"Who is Maggie McTagger?" she inquired, shrinking back from the window as the visitors drove into the yard.

"She's a gushy fool of an old maid, who inflicts us regularly twice a year. She's a good-hearted old thing and always helps with the work, but she's so full of palaver, and everything you've got is so be-a-u-ter-ful and sw-e-et, she makes me sick—"

There was time for no more description. Miss McTagger had pushed open the door and rushed inside with "dear—dear—dear Bessie!" she cried ecstatically grasping Bessie around the neck and giving her a violent hug between each "dear."

After Bessie had escaped from the embraces, Miss McTagger held her at arms' length, exclaiming:

"My! oh my! How beau-ter-ful you've got to be looking! My! oh my! The love-li-est hair!"

"Ma! oh ma! Bless-a-beth, is that you! It seems you are looking faine!" spluttered Mrs. McTagger, giving Bess a couple of very large, moist, and explosive kisses square on the mouth.

Lou introduced the guests to Hope, who had to hear a volley of compliments from Mrs. and Miss McTagger to the effect that they had heard so much of her wealth, beauty and goodness that they could hardly find words to express their delight in at last having an opportunity to behold the vision of loveliness itself. They gazed at one another, then in admiration at Hope, repeating "My! oh my!" and finally declaring that half had not been told about her loveliness.

Hope had always been averse to hearing compliments and since Deacon Jones had hissed that shameful word in her ear, her sensitive nature had been hardly able to bear any society, much less that which might expect her to engage in conversation. This nauseating flattery was loathsome to her, and murmuring a few words of thanks she hurried away to her own room where she wondered how it would be possible to spend an hour in such company as in the sitting-room below she could hear Maggie McTagger going into ecstacies over the fancy work, artificial flowers, bedspreads and everything else within the circle of the McTagger vision.

Bessie was making a noble effort to entertain them and hide her disgust, and the ludicrous fragments of conversation which Hope could not avoid hearing, at last almost moved her to mirth.

"Mother! Did you ever see so lovely a mat?"

"Ma! oh ma!" came the echo in prolonged falsetto.

"And look at that tidy; isn't it just sweet?"

"Ma! oh ma!" again echoed the mother, who had a very strong Scotch accent.

At this point Aunt Becky's voice could be heard screaming from the kitchen, "Who is it? Who is it?" and a moment later she was in the room below crooning out, with reference to the tint of Miss McTagger's hair—

"Red-head go to bed;
Yer mammy's runned away—"

The Deacon's voice had just joined in the conversation when Bessie after leading Aunt Becky back to her corner, called from the foot of the stairs, "Hope, come down to dinner."

Hope, shrinking with aversion and fear, came slowly down stairs and found the family sitting around the table, Rev. Mr. Spring, one of Lou's admirers, and Frank Gaylor, who worshipped at Bessie's shrine, having joined them.

"Hope pretty yer looking, Miss Campton," exclaimed the young preacher, with an abortive effort to seem at ease. "Have you been ill?"

"Oh, no," Hope replied, coldly. "I'm quite well."

She could see in his troubled face that he had been told her story, and her dignity at once came to her rescue.

Frank Gaylor said nothing, but warmly shook her hand and blushed. "Ah," thought she, with a tremor of weakness, "they all blush to see me."

The Deacon was in great feather, and his exuberant spirits could not but be noticed. He congratulated Bessie on the excellence of the dinner, and feared she was being worked too hard, looking after the house and taking care of Aunt Becky. He talked excitedly of what he was going to do, and intimated that as times were so good he would fix up the house a little and send Aunt Becky to some institution where she would get proper care.

Frank Gaylor stole a glance at the astounded Bessie, who was puzzling her brain to guess what all this meant. Frank caught her eye, and as the position was favorable he winked and waited for an opportunity to give the conversation a new turn.

"Did you hear that old John Bunner is going to get married again?" he enquired innocently. Bess glanced sharply at Frank and then at her father, who flushed a little as he answered:

"Yeh don't say! Who to?"

"Mrs. Turner!"

"Well, I can't say as I blame 'im. He couldn't git along 'ith all that fam'ly a' his 'thout help a' some kind!"

"Why, father! He's got three grown-up girls at home, and if they can't do the work Mrs. Turner can't."

The Deacon considered a moment before he replied, and in the meantime Lou remarked that as Mrs. Turner had four young children of her own, it wouldn't make the work much easier.

"But then yeh've got teh remember that a mother's influence is needed teh bring up a fam'ly of gurls an' Mrs. Turner's a tur'ble good woman."

"The Bunner girls are brought up now and too old to be mothered by Mrs. Turner or anyone else, and it'll just make trouble," Bessie protested sharply.

"Why? Now jist tell me why! If their father feels lonesome like an' wants a companion why shed they git mad an' act up?"

"Of course," chimed in Maggie McTagger, companionably. "Why should they if their paw's happiness was worth anythin' to them mo'n selfishness."

"I don't believe in second marriages!" snapped Bessie, "particularly when people are old and have some one to take care of them."

The Deacon was too exultant to heed the storm signals, and, having determined to break the ice while "company" was present, persevered in the discussion of the question, supported by Maggie McTagger and her mother who both beamed on him encouragingly.

"If mother hadn't been married twict I would never bin here," simpered Maggie, "an' I've allus heard mother say her second marriage was happier ner the first, wasn't it, mother?"

"Ma! oh ma! it wes surely! Donald, my first mon, was a tay-rebble drenker!"

"That doesn't prove anything," retorted Bessie. "You may have had a bad experience first, but you can't compare that with old John Bunner's marrying again. His first wife wasn't a drinker, and was a great deal kinder to her husband than he deserved. It is not a crying shame if he gets married again! Won't it, Mr. Spring?"

"Of course I don't know the circumstances," answered the young preacher cautiously, fearing to offend the Deacon on one hand and Lou on the other, "but as a rule I don't favor second marriages when there is a grown-up family. It is almost certain to cause trouble."

"But thet haint the fault of th' marridge," exclaimed the Deacon, with his mouth full of pie, but afraid of losing a chance to put in his oar. "It's the fault of th' fam'ly gittin' man' actin' up."

"Well, who wouldn't get mad and act up, if they saw their mother's place filled by some strange woman! I know I would!"

"Now, Bessie," cried Maggie, "you saw signs of trouble. "I don't believe yeh would, though I don't s'pose as ever yer paw'll marry agin, but if he did yeh wouldn't stand in the way of him bein' happy an' havin' some one teh take care of him when you'n Lou air married off, as I hear hain't unlikely."

The Deacon's grateful glance, and Maggie's knowing look at Frank and Mr. Spring as she said this, only added to Bessie's anger.

"Won't know anything about it, Maggie McTagger; no person of any feeling would think of such a thing. How would you like your mother to get married and bring some old man into your place to boss you 'round?"

"I wouldn't mind a bit if I thought it'd make mother happy."

"Ma, oh ma, seech tok!" simpered the old lady in her shill falsetto, seeming to take kindly to the idea.

"What's the good saying such nonsense! You know you would care, and as for making anyone happy getting married when they're old enough to be thinking of the grave, it's all fudge. You know they're always miserable."

Maggie McTagger was absolutely and irredeemably red-headed, red-eyed and red-clothed. Everything there was of red in sight was either freckled or red. She had made the trip to see the Jones' two months earlier than usual and after writing several letters of condolence to the Deacon, for the purpose of seeing what chances there were of her becoming Mrs. J. No. 2, and now that the question had been broached and the Deacon's intentions made manifest, Maggie was determined to win his favor by fighting his battles.

"Not allus miserable, Bessie, dear," she replied, with a look of meek adoration at the Deacon. "Not when they choose right companions, that fear God and keep His commandments afore their eyes."

"That ain't the way they choose 'em," said Frank Gaylor in disgust. "They get silly about getting married, and take whoever'll have 'em!"

"Oh, no, young man; yeh shouldn't be so fast, put in the Deacon, with grave but judicial displeasure. "No more'n young fellers do!"

"I don't know 'bout that," persisted Frank, anxious to help Bessie in the argument. "I've seen lots of 'em 'round our place asking father's advice, an' I know they are generally willin' to take most anybody!"

This rather brought the Deacon down off his high horse for a moment. He wondered if Uncle Abe had betrayed his confidence and let this young sprig know of the interview in the barn. Frank had heard it from his little brother "Bub," but it had escaped his mind when he spoke so incautiously. The Deacon's sharp glance at him recalled "Bub's" story and made him blush. The Deacon read the young fellow's face aright and looked over at Bessie to find out if she had been told. Bessie reddened and her father at once decited that he might as well have the fight at once. Hope's face crimsoned, too, as she thought of Uncle Abe's admission that the Deacon had spoken to him, and all these tell-tale blushes were noticed by Maggie's red-edged, pale blue orbs, while even Mr. Spring and Lou could not help observing that delicate ground had been touched upon.

"If yeh refer teh me, young feller," said the Deacon, slowly rising from the table, "all I kin tell yeh is, yer wrong; what conversation yer paw an' me hed was 'bout suthin which, fer reasons thet's nuther here ner there, hez bin dropped."

"I'm sure I didn't mean you, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Frank, blushing more vividly than ever, "everybody comes to father for funerals and advice, and I didn't mean no one in particular."

"There's no need of yeh per-vari-katin'. I don't deny thet I intend teh marryin' agin, but yer paw haint no more idea a' who it's to, then yeh hev herself, an' you haint none."

This announcement fell like a bolt from the blue sky on everyone alike. Miss McTagger alone felt that she knew who was meant. The Deacon's delight at seeing her, and the kind home welcome in the buggy when he was so gushing, flowery and affectionate made her feel that he had accepted her homage and intended to make her his second wife. She followed him into the sitting-room and with a loving look sat down as near him as possible.

Israel had listened to the discussion without uttering a word, but the thought of Hope having yielded to his father's persecution, strengthened by her downcast face and evident agitation, moved him to ask a question.

"D'ye mean teh say yev ast some one?" he demanded huskily as he stood beside Bessie at the sitting-room door.

"Yes," answered the Deacon proudly, "an' bin the same as assepted!"

"Who is she?" inquired Israel, thickly.

Hope, waiting until they had all retired from the dining-room so as to escape to her own apartment, paused behind Bessie to hear his answer.

"I hain't gunto tell jist yet. I'm goin' up teh see her right now teh git the day fixed, an' all I kin tell yeh is thet thet' hain't no hansomer woman round here ner she is, an' when yeh know who it is yeh'll say it wan't no takin' of anyone I cud, git but th' gittin' o' th' best iher' is!"

"Father, are you crazy?" exclaimed Bessie, thoroughly aghast at the Deacon's bold attitude.

"No, I hain't crazy, but I'm gunto be master in my own house so don't try teh crowd me down fer I won't hev it!"

Mr. Spring had never before been in a family row and was trying to console the weeping Louie. "Speak to him and get him not to," she sobbed.

"Brother Jones," began the young preacher, hurriedly. "It seems a very—er—er—strange proceeding for you to take this—er—er—unexpected er—er—er—manner! Couldn't you take er—er—er—a little time to think it over before er—er—er—committing yourself to such a—an—er—er Important step with such er—er—serious consequences to er—er—er—yourself and your family. I er—er—er—would advise—"

"Brother Spring, I would advise yeh not teh git mixed into nobody's bizness but yer own," roared the Deacon. "I bin bullyragged an' browbeat insteh makin' a deck—ker—a—shun, an' I'm goin' teh stand by it, an' won't thank no one fer interferin'."

"Ma! oh ma!" gasped Mrs. McTagger.

"Duncan git th' team! It haint no place fer us here with a fam'ly row goin' on!" rasped Maggie, who had come to the conclusion that she was not to be chosen as "companion" No. 2. "Girls, I'm sorry fer yeh! When I was talkin' I didn't think yer paw could uv fergot his poor dear wife so soon and carry on like a lunytick. Mother, git on yer things!"

The Deacon was putting on his overcoat, and with pompous dignity suggested that "pr'aps it'd be just as well, though as yeh'll hev a long ride, yeh might as well wait till mornin'." Maggie, however was too angry to stay a moment longer and led her mother forth when Duncan got the team.

As her father left the house, Bessie begged Frank to follow him and see were he went, and Mr. Spring was compelled to leave also, as he had an evening service at a distance.

It was a disastrous ending to the aftermeetin' dinner party, and when everybody had gone Lou and Bessie ran up to Hope's room to ask advice and weep tears of shame and anger over their father's senile folly.

(To be Continued.)

Adrift.

Only some withered blossoms
Crumbling to dry decay;
Only a glove half torn in two
And idly thrown away;
Only a heart that is breaking—
That is, if hearts can break—
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

Only a few such tokens,
Prized by a love-sick fool,
Naught but the ashes that strew the ground
When love's hot flame grows cool;
Not the first man by thousands
The dupe of a heartless flirt,
Not the first time that priceless love
Was treated like common dirt.

Only in jest; you know it now,
Though it is very late—
Rather too late to turn in your life
And seek another fate.
You're not a man, like thousands,
With a heart that will veer and twirl,
And feel a change at the nod and glance
Of every flirting girl.

Finished forever and ended,
Wrecked by a treacherous smile,
Following madly a will-o-the-wisp,
Happy, if but awhile.
Only a heart that is broken—
That is, if hearts do break—
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

An Old Idea Revived.

Eastern Girl—A new idea has lately been introduced in the Delmonico balls. Two cotillions take place simultaneously in adjoining rooms, and there is much rivalry between the two leaders to secure the prettiest woman, each for his own cotillion.

Texas General—That idea is as old as the moon. We had it in Texas society years ago, but gave it up.

"Wasn't it popular?"

"Popular enough, but it hurt the growth of new towns; made too much business for the undertaker."

Enterprise Mighty Nigh Allus Wins.

A party of Eastern capitalists were riding along a lonely road in a wild district of Alabama. Suddenly upon a turn in the road they saw a woman wringing her hands. One of them ordered the driver to stop.

"What's the matter, my good woman?" some one called.

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy! they have hung my poor husband!" Then pointing, she showed the strangers the body of a man hanging from a tree. "Oh, Lordy! they come to our house an' tuk him out an' hung him jest because he told the deputy marshals when they axed him that the Phillips boys was a-makin' of whisky. Oh, I don't know what I'm goin' to do. Thar ain't nothin' in the house fur the chillun to eat an'—" Here she broke down.

"Let's cut him down!" exclaimed one of the capitalists, springing out of the wagon. "Perhaps he is not dead."

"Oh, yes he is," the woman mourned. "They hung him this mawnin about daylight an' swore they'd shoot any body that cut him down."

The capitalist climbed back into the wagon.

"My mother has gone airter a justice uv the peace," said the woman, "but I don't know what good he kin do. Oh, Lordy, he'll become uv my po' chillun. Gentlemen, ain't got nothin' ter eat in yo' wagin? Ef you ain't got nothin' but a piece uv bread fur the Lawd's sake let me have it."

"Madam," said the man who seemed to be the leader of the party, "we brought a lunch with us, but unfortunately ate it a few miles back, but we will see that you do not suffer. Here, boys, I'll start the ball with ten dollars. Chip in and help this poor woman."

Pocketbooks flew open. Each man contributed something, and the woman, with many tears of gratitude, accepted the contributions. The capitalists drove away, and when their wagon was out of sight, a lank man poked his head from behind a tree and said:

"How's the haul, Lize?"

"First-rate," the woman replied.

"Lemme see," he said, approaching her. "Bled like a stuck pig, didn't they? he added, as he took the money. "Times is improvin' slow, but shore."

"Sam, I hated to take this yere money. Them men 'peared to be tetched."

"Oughter be tetched ter see a pore man hangin' in the woods thiser way. Hate ter take the money? Wy, it's my pension, gal. The gov'rment oughter to give a man a pension no matter what side he fout on, an' if the gov'rment won't do it, wy a man jest haster collect the best way he ken. Reckon we'd better take down the gentleman," nodding at the figure that hung from the tree, "an' move him away. Oh, I tell you, a pa'r uv ole boots, some ole clothes an' a little wheat straw pans out putty well sometimes."

"Sam, I still think we oughtn't ter tuck it."

"Wy gal, don't yer know they feel joost ez good ez if that thing hangin' thar wuz me, an' I know that I am better off, as the thing has turned out all right. Ef they wuz so tetched they must be glad ter know that yore po' husband ain't dead. It don't make no diffunce ter a man fr feelin's whether he's dun good or not, jes' so he thinks he has. They think they's done good, an' we know we have. My daddy uster say so, an' I'm beginnin' to b'leeve it, that this here thing uv enterprise mighty nigh allus wins."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

One Can Get Used to It.

"How does it feel to have a mustache on your lip, Henry?" she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment.

"I can't say," he answered; "how does it feel to have one on yours?"

"Well," she answered, as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, "I think it is something to which one could in time become reconciled."—*Boston Courier.*

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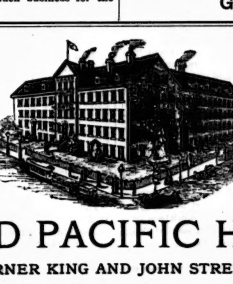

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FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

"And so you've come home at last, Georgie, my boy!" said old Gilbert next morning, as he woke up and saw his son standing beside him. "You've had a long holiday, and must set to work again now. You're not looking the better for it, boy. You're very thin and changed, somehow; or, maybe, it's only my old eyes that don't see as they ought. But I'm glad you've come back, George, for I'm not feeling as strong as I was and I shall be eighty-four come midsummer. It's time you married, my son, and"—here old Gilbert smiled knowingly and dropped his voice—"you needn't fear to ask her, Georgie. She loves you true, does Patience—a sweet, good lass!"

"Ah, that she is, father!" replied George, his face softening as he looked at the old man and listened to his talk.

Seven years to old Gilbert seemed but seven months. He though his son had left him but the autumn before.

"Ye won't want long to settle it with her, will ye?" asked Gilbert, anxiously. "I'd like to see Patience your wife before I die. I told you so in the summer. I sha'n't last much longer. I get weaker, somehow. Don't tarry, George, but settle matters."

George laughed, and gave the old man an evasive answer that satisfied him for the time.

What would he not have given to have been able to do as his father asked him? His rage against Adelaide—his desire for revenge—had left him for the moment. If he could only get rid of her—forget her; if the past could only be blotted out, and he be made a free man again—oh what would he not have given?

There was one way, but he shrank from it; to expose Adelaide; to tell the whole tale to the world; to drag her down from her high position, and then to leave her to her fate.

Last night the idea filled his heart with cruel joy: to-day it made his blood curdle with horror. He had ceased to love her, yet he could not resolve to punish her.

If he did, and Patience would know all, would she still love him? Would she care for the love of an injured, betrayed man? His father was sure that Patience cared for him; but, if she knew all, would she still care for him?

She deserved the first, fresh love of a man's heart. Would she be content to accept his, even if he could offer it to her?

What a sweet, calm face she had—what kind true eyes—how full of goodness was her smile!

When George contrasted her with the pale, haughty woman he had seen for an instant the day before, handsome as Adelaide undeniably was, Patience appeared to him far the more beautiful, infinitely the most lovable of the two.

Time had but added to Patience's beauty and matured its promise—time had detracted from Adelaide's; the bright sunny expression, the effect of buoyant spirits and excellent bodily health, had fled from her face forever, and been replaced by a proud, dissatisfied, weary look, that took from the perfectly-formed features half their charm.

George seldom left the home farm for the first few days after his return. He disliked showing himself abroad, and shaking hands with his old neighbors, and from their kindly but indiscreet questioning: they could not comprehend the agony it was to him to talk of the past, and they on their part thought him reticent and unneighborly for not entering into particulars and satisfying their curiosity as to his daily life in prison, and his feelings on being unjustly condemned. Even the kind Hollingfords were surprised at his silence on many points, only Patience understood him.

He wished, yet dreaded, to meet Adelaide; he did not feel that he could trust himself in her presence yet, but he knew they must meet soon, and strove to prepare himself for her, not with anger and reproaches, but with a firm, quiet heart.

The meeting took place sooner than he had anticipated, and was not of his seeking, nor hers, but came about by chance.

The duke had gone back to London, but the earl had been so strangely unwilling to part with Adelaide that he had insisted on her remaining another week at Yardly.

And one afternoon, as Adelaide was walking through the wood—the very wood in which the poaching affray took place seven years before—she found herself face to face with George Yorke.

He was standing, still and silent, beneath a huge leafless elm, his arms crossed, and his face dark and lowering.

The black hour was upon him again. He was thinking of the parting from his wife in that wood.

He did not see Adelaide till she was close to him. Then, as her eyes fell upon him, she gave a little shriek.

She thought he had tracked her, and was waiting for her, and she turned as if to fly; but his strong hand was on her arm in a moment.

"Stay, your Grace; I have a word or two to say to you!" he said in a stern voice, and looked into her pale, terrified face contemptuously.

"Release me!" she cried, trying to wrest her arm from his grasp.

"What! may I not touch you," he laughed—"you—my wife—my own flesh and blood!"

And he burst into a laugh.

She trembled from head to foot. His blazing eyes were fixed on her face; his teeth were clinched; every nerve quivered with rage.

Suddenly he pushed her from him, and, half fainting, she sank on the trunk of a tree. "Do I look like a man who would be your victim? It isn't worth while to swing for such a one as you!"

"Then, why—what—" she faltered.

"Why am I here? What a question for a good, faithful wife to ask the husband she has not seen for seven years!" he answered, in the same tone. "What am I going to do? Of course, that is what you meant to ask. Why, what should I do with such a treasure as you, Adelaide, but take you home to my heart and house—take you away from everyone, to live with me?"

"But—but you forget—you don't know who I am!" she said.

"Don't I?" he sneered. "I know very well, too well, who you are—my wife, Lady Adelaide Yorke, the wife of George Yorke, ex-convict, once an honest farmer and a happy man, till he fell in with you—serpent!"

He hissed the last word through his clinched teeth.

"You could have saved me, and you didn't!" he cried, a moment or two later in a different tone, one of bitter reproach and agony. "You could have told all, and saved me from seven years of a life the horror of which no one who has not endured it can dream! But you wanted to be rid of me. You were tired of me. You repented of marrying me, and I, fool that I was, loved you, and waited and waited, and to save you would not speak; till it was too late and my doom was pronounced! And how have you repaid me? I come back, my innocence proved at last, and find you — What do I find you, Adelaide?"

And George took her hand, and peered with cold, hard, agonized eyes into her face.

She did not answer.

"I find you a living lie! I find myself a betrayed, deserted husband! I find that, not contented with putting me out of her way, my wife has—Oh, heavens, I cannot speak it! And I loved you—I loved you once!"

The last words were spoken in a tone of regretful, contemptuous wonder, that stung Adelaide to the quick.

The tears that trembled on her long, dark eyelashes now fell thickly from her eyes, and her bosom heaved with wild sobs.

He looked at her with a wondering expression.

"You can still cry, I see," he said. "You have pity for yourself. Why had you none for me, Adelaide? I was a strong, rough man, yet, if I could have saved a fellow creature from the fate you sent me to, I would have strained every nerve to do so. And you—you let me, your husband, be dragged away, when one word would have saved me!"

"How could I have proved—how did I know you did not shoot Tom Winch?" she sobbed.

"Because I told you my gun was not loaded," he replied.

"That would not have proved—" she began.

"Hush!" he interrupted, starting to his feet. "What is the use of bandying words about it now? You never tried. You wanted to get rid of me, that was the long and short of it; but I am here, and you shall suffer for it."

"George, George!" she cried, "have you no mercy?"

"Yes; as much as you had for me!" he answered, coldly.

"Think! My father! What will he suffer? Oh, it will kill him!" she sobbed.

"Did you think of my father—a poor, weak, old man, dependent on me, and who would have died had it not been for the kindness of strangers? Did you give him one thought?" he answered, bitterly.

"Will you ruin me, then?" she asked, wildly.

"Did not you ruin me?" he replied, darkly. "But who talks of ruin? I am only going to take you home, Adelaide. To the Manor Farm, you know."

And again he laughed harshly.

She shuddered.

"I can't! I would kill myself first!" she said, in a low tone. Oh, George, don't drive me to despair! I could not lead such a life! Think!"

"Once upon a time you did not think the life a bad one, and it shouldn't have been. Now—" he began.

"Now I could not endure it; and—and you don't love me now!" she faltered.

"Love you!" he said, with a horror in his tone. "No!"

"Then let me alone!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees before him. "Let us part, and let bygones be bygones!"

"Listen to her," he said, sarcastically. "I am to forget everything! Forget I ever loved her! Forget what I threw away for her sake! Forget all I have suffered! Forget all my shame, misery, degradation! And why? That she may live a life of ease and luxury!—that she may not be brought to shame and disgrace!—that she may not suffer! Ha, ha!"

"She writhed under his words.

"If you hate me, what happiness could my presence in your house bring you?" she asked.

"Happiness! None! But revenge is sweet," he answered.

"Revenge! Oh, George!" she cried.

"Yes. Won't it be sweet for me to see you, who betrayed and deceived me, cringe before me; to see my Lady Adelaide—her Grace that was—down on her knees for me; cook, scrub, wash, do this, that and the other for me; come to my whistle, do as I bid her; tremble if I am angry, fawn on me if I am kind!" he replied, brutally.

"That I will never do, George Yorke," she cried, starting to her feet. "Your slave I will never be, nor play the ignominious part you describe. Do your worst! I defy you! I will never live in such degradation! I will never live to face such shame!"

Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed. She drew her slender figure up to its full height. She looked once more like the Adelaide of old, and George's heart, as he gazed on her, softened

"Do you think I have not suffered, too?" she cried. "You do me a cruel wrong, George Yorke, when you say I willfully sent you to prison. I did no such thing. I was at death's door when your sentence was pronounced. I knew not whether you were Winch's murderer or not, nor what you will. I thought you would never come back. You are right there. Had I thought ever to see you again, do you think I would have done what I have? Never! I would have held out against all threats and persecutions, as I did hold out till you were gone forever, as I thought. Oh! was I wrong, so very wrong? What was our marriage but a form, a mockery? I was only your wife in name; and remember, you tempted me, you persuaded me! How often did you not entreat me to marry you secretly? Ah, if I had only resisted to the end, instead of giving in meekly, as I did!"

She hid her face in her hands as she spoke, and sobbed bitterly. George's face altered strangely as he looked at her.

"Yes, you, too, have suffered," he said. "I see it in your face. Well, Adelaide, there is no question of love between us now; yet I did love you."

There was no contempt, only deep sorrow in his tone.

"I know," whispered Adelaide.

"I was wrong, too," he went on sadly. "I first tempted you to deceive. I acknowledge that. I should have waited patiently, and married you openly. Then all this would never have happened. I've been punished enough—how bitterly none knows—none will ever know!"

And though he did not speak his thoughts, George remembered how he had deserted Patience for Adelaide, and how indifferent he had been to her sufferings so long as he believed Adelaide loved him. Now he felt how false he had been to her.

She could never be his. He felt that if he let Adelaide go unpunished, left her alone and destroyed all evidence of their hasty and unfortunate marriage, he felt he could not ask Patience to be his wife; and if he carried out his threat and took Adelaide home, he and Patience would be further apart than ever. Even if he legally disharmessed himself of the tie that bound him to Adelaide, he felt Patience was lost to him for ever.

He was silent for some moments, and Adelaide, erect and haughty, stood before him, waiting his reply.

"You think we have both been wrong," he said slowly, "and you talk of your sufferings. What have they been in comparison to mine?"

"More than you imagine," she answered, huskily. "The daily fear—the dread of detection."

"Ah, true; I understand!" he answered. "No peace—no peace!"

"None," she echoed, bitterly.

He rose from the trunk of the fallen tree where he had been seated.

"I must think—I must think!" he said, "What good would it be to me to take you home? I do not love you, nor you me. I should tire even of my revenge, and you would be a sore burden to me. Revenge would not sweeten my lot for long. There is no chance of happiness for me in this world!"

He paused.

Adelaide never moved.

"Go!" he said, at last. "Meet me in the wood, t'other side of the stream, three days hence, at this hour. I'll have made up my mind by then. No more now."

And without a word of farewell, George Yorke strode away; and Adelaide, sobbing and trembling, turned her steps towards the castle.

Strange to say, at that moment she felt her old love for George reviving, and bitterly she regretted the days of her early youth, when he and she were lovers, and galloped over hill and dale together after the hounds, or strolled by moonlight, hand-in-hand through the park.

But to live at the Manor Farm, poor, despised, unloved! What a fate! She had dreaded it years ago, as soon as the first infatuation of her girlish love was over, and she had seen a little of the world she was born to; and now, after years spent in luxury, the thought of it was terrible. And now there would be no love to sweeten the trials of a lowly state; only hatred and reproaches—perhaps worse.

"Adelaide, you look like a ghost!" cried Aunt Cicely, as she met the duchess in the hall. "Where have you been?"

"I've been seeing ghosts, Aunt Cicely," she answered, and hurried on.

But the glance she gave her and the tone she spoke in frightened Lady St. Quentin. She had heard and seen each twice before.

"Yardly does not suit her, that is certain," mused Lady St. Quentin. "The duke will be back again in a few days, and then, I suppose, they will go. Hetherington is better. Heigho! I shall not be sorry to leave, either. This weather is terrible; and the place is dull, even to an old woman like me. No wonder Adelaide found it so."

All that evening Adelaide felt like one in a dream. She could hardly realize the terrible situation in which her own folly and crime had placed her. She was at George's mercy—the mercy of a deceived, outraged husband. Her blood ran cold when she thought of the terrible expression of his face when he first saw her, and the contempt in his tone when he told her he would not kill her—she was not worth it—made her writhe and cringe with shame and humiliation. He could never forgive her. What would come of it? How could she bear the three terrible days of suspense before her, and which must elapse before she knew what fate George Yorke had in store for her?

Once or twice the thought of putting an end to her own existence came into her mind. Of what good would life be to her in future? But Adelaide's nerves were unstrung. She could not contemplate such a crime without terror, and with a shudder she put the thought from her.

That night George took out the old cash-box in which their marriage lines were locked, and which Patience, in accordance with the whispered instructions given her by George in the prison before he was condemned, had preserved with care, and unlocked it.

The small faded paper recording his marriage with Adelaide Harcourt lay where he had put it, and no eye had seen it, no hand had touched it, since the day he locked it away previous to meeting Adelaide in the wood, little dreaming that it would be the last time he would see her for so many a long day.

He looked at it a long time without moving; then he took it up and put it in his inner pocket where, years ago, it used to be—next his heart.

For love as well as safety's sake, then; for safety's sake alone now.

He thought long and deeply as he sat there, all the other inhabitants of the farm being asleep. Once those few lines of writing had been his joy, his treasure, his hope; now they were his misery and despair.

Should he destroy them? Should he keep the secret of his marriage forever? Should he let Adelaide go free and bid good-by to England and depart, never to return again?

Or should he have his revenge?

These were the thoughts that troubled him and when the village clock struck five, and the first pale rays of daylight began to tinge the horizon, George was still seated by the fireside, unable to come to a decision.

CHAPTER XI.

The three days were past and gone; slowly enough they had dragged away, each hour seeming a week to Adelaide, so full of the agonized suspense was her bosom; three days that took years from her life and added lines that no art could remove, to her pale, worn face.

"There is Adelaide going out again this miserable afternoon," said Aunt Cicely, anxiously. "What pleasure she can find in walking about alone at this hour in the damp grounds, I can't think! She looks so ill, and—"

"Oh, don't bother about her Grace!" replied Lord Hetherington, irritably; his gout was worse again, and his temper was none of the best in consequence. "She isn't ill, only bored. She wants to go back to London, or to Paris, or some fashionable place. She doesn't care for our society a bit; she has no gratitude for it."

"I certainly took a good deal of trouble with her when she was a girl!" sighed Aunt Cicely.

"And I spent thousands on her keeping up that house in town, taking her abroad and buying her trousseau. But she's like all children. Ah't you going to read to me, Cicely, for are you too busy or too tired?"

"Not at all," answered Lady St. Quentin, rather wearily.

And she took up a novel and began to read.

She had read for nearly an hour, when the sound of wheels was heard.

"Visitors! Who can they be? I can't see any one," cried the earl, testily.

"They won't come here. James will show them into the drawing-room," replied Lady St. Quentin, putting down the book. "Don't distrees yourself, Hetherington." And she went to the window. "Oh, it's not visitors at all; it's a Mirandale!" she cried.

"The duke! Why, I thought he was coming to-morrow!" the earl exclaimed.

"So Adelaide said; but I suppose she made a mistake. She's been so odd these last few days I haven't been able to get a word out of her. Ah, my dear Hubert, here you are!"

And the Duke entered.

"A bitterly cold journey I've had, too," he said. "Hope you're better, Lord Hetherington?"

"No; worse!" groaned the earl.

"Indeed! Sorry to hear it. Who do you think I met in town, Lady St. Quentin, and who do you think is dead?"

"Can't say. Who?" cried Lady St. Quentin, quite interested.

"I met Lady Roche, and Roche is dead," he replied. "A release for her."

"Hush! I suppose so; though I must say I never liked Elihu Roche," answered her ladyship.

"She was better than many people thought her, and she was a beautiful woman once. People are all saying she will marry Willoughby now."

"Already! How people talk!" sighed Lady St. Quentin.

"Don't believe Willoughby is a marrying man!" growled the earl. "If he is I don't envy him Lady Roche."

"Nor I," answered the Duke. "Where is Adelaide, Lady St. Quentin? She might come to say, 'How do you do,' I think."

"Exigeant man! Seven years married nearly, too!" laughed Lady St. Quentin. "But be comforted; Adelaide is out."

"And such a damp evening! Well, as I was saying—"

And the duke went on to relate various small pieces of news and gossip, whilst Aunt Cicely took her cup of afternoon tea and was more amused than she had been for a good many days past by the harmless gossip Almadale retailed to her.

Adelaide, wrapping herself up in a long sealskin mantle, had hurried away to the rendezvous appointed by George as soon as she had got rid of Aunt Cicely and her questionings. She looked behind her several times, as if she feared her aunt might be following her, or have sent a servant after her. But Aunt Cicely, as we have seen, did no such thing, and Adelaide walked on undisturbed.

The river, a deep, swift stream, ran through the castle grounds about half a mile from the house. Trees grew on each side of it, and a little rustic bridge, with a handrail on one side, led from the park across it, into the wood where George and she had arranged to meet.

She paused as she got to the bridge and looked down into the stream. The snow had swollen the torrent, and it dashed and foamed against the rocks below, and then flowed on with a dark, deep, still current.

The mist was falling, and had already settled down on the wood covered hill on the other side of the river. The leafless trees were bare, and the mosses were dripped from their branches like rain, whilst a faint wind moaned and sighed through the pine trees. It was a wretched evening.

Adelaide paused at the bridge, with her hand on the rail, as if she hesitated to cross it.

"I must be weak and nervous indeed," she muttered; "I who used to fear nothing, and was as foot sure as a deer! Now, that seething, bubbling water below makes me giddy. How old the poor little bridge has become! How well I remember its being mended when I was a child, and this rail being put to it. Well, it seems unsafe now, but it never did then. I remember I laughed at the idea of the rail. I couldn't dare cross without now. Ha! ha! I wonder what makes me think of such trifles now, at this time."

And, taking hold of the rail, Adelaide walked quickly across.

She gave a sigh of relief when she found herself on the other side, and walked quickly on. In five minutes she was in the middle of the wood, and saw George advancing towards her.

She began to tremble as he approached, and leant against the trunk of a tree for support.

(To be Continued.)

Long After.

I see your white arms gliding,
In music over the keys,
Long drooping lashes hiding
A blue like summer seas;
The sweet lips wide asunder
That tremble as you sing!
I could not choose but wonder
You were so strangely fair.

I keep the flower you braided
Among those waves of gold,
The leaves are sere and faded,
And the petals are cold.
Our lives have lain asunder,
The years are long, and yet,
I could not choose but wonder,
I cannot quite forget.

Pretty Women Bring the Highest Price.

Veiled statuary is the latest fake and is easily gotten up. The curtain or folding doors when drawn aside should reveal several draped and masked figures. The auctioneer selected must have plenty of cheek and be more or less witty. He must describe his statues as classic goddesses or famous women before offering them for sale. It must be understood before the auction commences that the prices of pretty girls are to take part. This warms up the enthusiasm of the intending buyers. Bidding begins and the gentleman on whose offer "gone" falls receives a ticket duplicate to that on the statue. After the sale is over the purchasers are requested to come up and remove their property. The duke is unmask the statue that a pretty girl, and he tucks her under his arm for supper; the second finds a broom midden in mask and dragoon, and the third, another pretty girl. Generally there is but one dummy, though half a dozen, each different, can be arranged if desired. Pretty women sell the best, for they invariably, "in the sweet cause of charity" coax several more dollars out of their owners. Five dollars is the lowest price that is taken, but there is no limit to the highest. This of course is an entertainment better suited to a private than a public house. —*San Francisco Report.*

Explanations Were in Order.

A well known young man of this place called on a lady friend a few evenings since, whose mother being present. After a while she was called from the room for a few minutes. She excused herself for retiring. He readily excused her. What young man wouldn't and hope the minutes might be lengthened into hours. She left one sitting on the sofa, the other in the rocking chair. When she returned they were in the same position, but strange to relate he had a bunch of hair hanging to his coat button, and she had a necktie attached to her breast pin. Explanations were called for, and that young man wished that he had "wings like a dove that he might fly away." It is funny how inquisitive some folks will be. —*Summit (Me.) Journal.*

She Has Transposed the Letters.

During the past few days many graduates of a prominent institution of learning who are residents in this city have received circulars asking for a statement of their accomplishments since graduation. "Please write," is the request. "the official position held by you, name the books which you have written, etc., etc." One of the circulars which occasioned the most reflection was received by a young matron, who cleverly supplied the desired information as follows: "At graduation I received the degree A. M. Since graduation I have transposed the letters."—*Buffalo Express.*

A Wife's Hard Luck.

An Indiana man recently cut his throat while shaving himself with a butcher knife. "It was so much sharper than his razor," said his wife, "that he thought he would shave with it while I pared my corns with the razor. And this is the result: My corns look as if they had been run through a sausage machine, while the blood from poor John's neck has spoiled my best carpet. Poor fellow! He didn't live long enough to say, 'What in thunder have you been doing with my razor!'"

Hanging Around the Radiator.

"No, young man. I cannot part with my daughter. She is the only light of my life. From her radiate all the comforts of my home. And now that you have my answer I hope you will not hang round here any longer."

"But, sir," said the young man, "you said just now that from her radiate all th—"

"That's just what I said. What of it?"

"Well, confound it, man, you can't blame a fellow for hanging round the radiator this cold weather, can you?"—*The Beacon.*

Shameful Waste of Opportunities.

"Mr. Editor, did you read that article I handed you yesterday?"

"Yes, sir.

"Do you think you think, after reading that, if I told you that I had but one year's schooling in my life?"

"I would think that you must have wasted your time most abominably."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A Victim of Friendship.

Mistress—Anna! whatever has become of all your pretty curls? Maid—You see, ma'am, the regiment has left our town, and we have had to give a lock of my hair to several of my acquaintances.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own.
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The New Parson.

A Sketch Suggested by the Pulpit Criticisms in "Saturday Night."

Should any inquisitive person, after reading the succeeding lines, be rash enough (having penetrated the incognita of the name) to search the pages of the Canadian Gazetteer for the village of Placentville he would probably find it described in something like the following manner:

—— A thriving post village in the province of Quebec, county of Blank, contains two stores, a church, one hotel and a saw and grist mill; pop., 200.

The thriving post village in question, to use the pleasing fiction of the Gazetteer, was founded by an industrious beaver in pre-historic times, who, having decided that the spot offered an eligible site for his family residence, proceeded energetically to dam the river (a proceeding which his successors copy with avidity every day). This action of the first settler, unlike that of those of later days, had a very decided effect upon the general configuration of the country, for the river, its channel being obstructed, rose and spread itself over the surrounding land, converting the level tracts into semi-swamp and marsh. Thus it came to pass that the Placentville farming lots are of so decidedly aqueous a texture, and the veracious land agent who induced the beavers' immediate successors to settle, was enabled in his glowing prospectus to describe the locality as "well watered" without the slightest departure from the truth; so well watered is it in fact that the great difficulty in spring is to find the land, which even in summer gives to strangers the idea that in its composition a very little earth was used to a great deal of water. But nature always provides some recompense, and in this case where there is land she provides it in an extremely solid form, and the marshy meadows are covered thickly with the huge slabs of rock which give a cheerful churchyard aspect to the otherwise dreary waste.

On a gentle rising ridge running parallel with the river are situate the homely mansions of the dwellers of the soil, about fifteen in number, scattered at irregular intervals along the winding road, wherever a swelling of the ground seems to offer protection from spring floods. A strange medley are these houses, the lordly frame and aristocratic brick—brethren in adversity—hob-nobbing with the plebeian log hut, whose dirty rainwashed exterior makes one shudder to think what its unwashed interior must be like.

Half way down the village street stands the one remaining store (the other was destroyed some time previously by a providential fire much to the advantage of the occupier who scraped the moist soil of the village off his boots and departed rejoicing to more congenial scenes) which is the center of the business activity of the village. Here pallid butter and flabby cheese and doubtful eggs are exchanged for flour, currants and other necessaries of life, which have remained so long in their respective barrels and bins as to have acquired a pleasantly distinctive flavor of their own.

Inside the store is a little group of loungers, scattered about in different attitudes, some seated upon the stove (it is late in the summer) the rest lolling upon the counters or leaning upon the various boxes which lumber up the floor. Each individual is differently attired, but all are with remarkable unanimity chewing tobacco with an energy which, if expended upon their fields, would have wrought a wonderful improvement in the financial position of the community.

"Wal," said a tall, dirty-looking man, standing behind the counter, "I don't see as how the parson's got any call to speak about trade and sich things down at the church. Let him preach the gospel; that's what he's paid fer, I guess."

At this remark a faint smile went round the circle. To the Placentville mind there was evidently something very humorous connected with the idea of the parson's pay.

"You're quite right, Uncle Si," says a great, loafing fellow. "What call 'as 'e got to talk as 'ow we trades? What does 'e know about it? Let 'im preach the gospel," and he kicked his heels viciously against the pork barrel on which he was seated, to the great discomfort of the weevils and other live stock inside which Uncle Si supplied to his customers gratuitously along with the pork. And he went on chewing savagely. He was the horse trader of the village and was evidently much moved by the discourse in question.

"What I says is this," continued Uncle Si, dexterously covering a moth-hole in the flannel he was measuring with his hand, "a man 'ain't got no call to tell lies in business, but he's goin' to sell his stuff for all he can, and if folks are darned fools enough to give him more than it's worth that's their lookout; the parson's got no call to interfere—let him preach the gospel."

"What call 'as 'e got to say 'orse trading's cheating?" broke in the occupier of the pork barrel, still kicking away at his seat. "I guess I can buy an old 'orse if I likes, and trade 'im 'ow I likes; and the parson's got no call to interfere—let 'im preach the gospel." And he wound up with a volley of expletives, in which the whole assembly joined. Evidently horse trading was a very sore subject.

"I tell you what it is, boys," says Uncle Si, impressively, "he may do very well for the city, but he won't do here. He don't know the lay of land. The sooner he goes the better."

So the fat went forth that the new parson must go. Uncle Si had said "He won't do," and Uncle Si's word was law.

However republican we may be in theory, the real republic is still as far off as it was in the days when the late lamented Nero ruled the world. Though our forms of government be liberal, are we not still tyrannized over by party politicians? In our schools, do the bigger boys always allow their smaller compatriots to enjoy equal rights with themselves? Is dictatorship entirely unknown in our villages? Even in our homes is it so very rare for some ambitious brother or sister to seize the reins of power and rule the family with a rod of iron? The village of Placentville was no exception from the general rule; the dictator in chief was Uncle Si.

He was a man of some rough shrewdness of character, and by dint of sharp trading and close dealing had amassed what for that locality was a considerable amount of money. This he lent out to the farmers around, on mortgages at moderate rates of interest ranging from ten to fifteen per cent, taking payment in butter or other farm produce, and compelling his dependents to yield him implicit obedience. He would indeed be a bold man who whilst in Uncle Si's debt dared to disturb his record or trade elsewhere. Such acts of rebellion speedily called down the wrath of the dictator, the mortgage was foreclosed and the unhappy rebel driven from the village to begin the world afresh elsewhere. There were indeed a few fortunate individuals, who, either by their greater luck or industry, had managed to escape the widespread net of the village magnate, and could afford to be a little more independent, but even these would not willingly enter into a controversy with Uncle Si, who by his superior eloquence and sarcasm, which indeed bordered upon the abusive, never failed to bear down all opposition.

As in the greater world the shortest way to popularity is success (O! How we all fall down and worship mammon, how we envy his favorite servants, and fight and scramble for the crumbs that fall from his table), so in the smaller village Uncle Si was surrounded by a crowd of eager flatterers, who openly doted on their idol and shouted his praises to the sky, whilst secretly they cursed him under their breath. According to these interested friends, Uncle Si was the wise man of the village; he was a veritable Solon. Whence came all this wisdom? What a gigantic brain he had! What a lot he carried under his hat! This last remark had possibly a sarcastic reference to the unkempt condition of his head, for to tell the truth soap was an item conspicuous only for its absence in Uncle Si's account of expenses. The object of all the loudly expressed dislike was the new parson, a young man who had just been deputed to take charge of the morals of the Placentville people, fresh from college and totally devoid of the prudent foresight displayed by older men in a similar position. He had commenced his work with all the generous enthusiasm of youth, heedless of consequences. It was his first discourse which had given such offence to the village critics—not a very learned or eloquent address. This they could have forgiven him, for rustic audiences are not exacting as to literary style. But in plain, unmistakable words he had lashed all the mean, petty trickery which forms such an essential part of country trading, shewing that to obtain money under false pretences was as dishonorable as to steal it, and that no upright, self-respecting person would lower himself to cheat in horse trading, together with sundry self-evident axioms which we all appreciate and carry out so strictly in our own commercial lives.

These were new and unwelcome doctrines in Placentville and caused soreness among the male population who felt that the new parson was taking unwarrantable liberties with his position. What right had he to discuss business in the pulpit? so they cried with one voice, "Let him preach the gospel," refusing to acknowledge that the said gospel could have any bearing upon their business lives. Strange people! From this unfortunate sermon rose a mountain of trouble, not that there was any overt act of hostility committed. Under the direction of Uncle Si he was left severely alone, he might preach but the male population was conspicuous by its absence, so was the money at the weekly collection, the women and children could go and hear him if they liked, but their lords knew better, his meagre salary was allowed to fall in arrears, his friendliest overtures sullenly rejected, and Uncle Si whilst exacting the utmost cent in price was always careful to see that his pound of currants should contain more than the normal proportion of little round black stones, and the sugar supplied to him should possess more than the usual amount of insoluble matter.

The new parson bore up against this opposition bravely enough at first, going cheerfully about his duties, meeting rebuffs with a smiling countenance, trying by all means in his power to gain the goodwill of his estranged people, but as month after month passed by and all his advances were met by the same sullen apathy, his heart began to sink within him and he retired more and more within himself, and ceased trying to perform the impossible task of reconciling the villagers to him. He no longer visited the houses in the village, but tramped solitary miles through the snowy woods with no companion but his own bitter disappointment, and though he did not cease to faithfully admonish the empty seats in his church every Sunday, his discourses had lost their old fire and vigor, the end was not far off, and Uncle Si rubbing his hand as he stood behind his grimy counter, guessed for the benefit of his auditors that "the new parson was kind o' sick o' his place and would soon go."

The fall of the year had been ushered in with dark tempestuous weather and torrents of rain had swelled the much anathematized river far above its ordinary level, so that when the frosts of winter bound it in with chains of ice, the black current below swirled and fretted in the vain attempt to burst its fetters and rush onward free and unimpeded towards the distant sea. Fifty yards or so below the sawmill dam the winter road crossed the frozen surface, fair and white, with never a sign to show the fearful force raging in confinement beneath only awaiting the slightest spring thaw to sweep away the solid looking tracks, and strew the river banks with the green pine branches used to stake out its course. At last the looked-for catastrophe happened. A spell of hard weather was followed by one or two soft days and the river gradually swelling in volume suddenly burst its bonds and came roaring over the dam a confused mass of logs, ice, and water onto the frozen surface beneath; instantly, with a roar as of artillery, the icy covering was broken up, winter road and all, and was swept downwards, grinding and churning in the foaming waters.

It so happened on that morning the horse trader, true to his business instincts and deaf to the new parson's admonitions, had sallied forth to trade a steed which had come into his possession a skeleton, and to which by dint of judiciously administered "washes" and sundry skilful dental operations he had contrived to restore some of the bloom, though not the vigor, of its lost youth. The rejuvenated animal was attached to his sleigh, and the worthy, anxious for it to arrive as sound as possible in wind and limb, decided to take the easier river road, though it had been pronounced unsafe, rather than the safer and more tedious high way. He had scarcely reached the centre of the stream before the road broke up, and in a moment he and his horse were struggling for their lives in the foaming waters. With the latter the struggle was brief enough, for the chilly flood quickly quenched the flame of life in the worn-out beast, but the man battled desperately, calling for help and supporting himself upon an ice-covered log, which was swinging to and fro in an eddy. There was a cry of dismay from the bank as the few men, attracted to the spot, attempted hurriedly to launch an old scow (used in summer time for crossing the river), but it was a long operation, for the heavy boat was firmly imbedded in the frozen mud. It seemed as if it never would be in the water in time, the cries of the drowning man grew fainter and the water rose higher towards his white despairing face as his numbed hands refused any longer to support the weight of his body. It was all over with him! But no, down the river bank bounded an athletic figure, it was the new parson. With a few hurried words he urged the men to greater speed, flung off his heavy coat and bounding across the frozen edge of the river plunged into the raging waters. The chilling cold struck into his body and seemed to paralyze his limbs but he kept boldly onward, the sharp ice cut his hands and bruised his body, and floating logs and broken timber threatened to crush out his life, but he reached the log at last and only just in time, for as he grasped it the horse trader's benumbed hands slipped from their support and he fell back with a low moan into the water. In a moment his rescuer seized him by the collar, and placing his arm round his body he waited for the coming boat. At last with a glad shout the men dragged the scow across the broken ice, and in a few moments it was coming down to them, beating its way through the water, propelled by all the force of willing arms. "Now, Parson," said one of the crew, after they had dragged the inanimate form of the horse trader on board, "Give us your hand," and he leaned down to draw him into safety, but even as he spoke a huge piece of timber struck the scow, driving it violently against the log, crushing the unfortunate man between them, and in another moment his body was whirled away down the stream among the broken ice and debris. They found his body later in the day, and carried it up to his house and laid it upon a bed.

* * * *

"Wal," said Uncle Si to the assembled populace, who had met to discuss the events of the day in the store, "I must say he were a darned poor preacher, but he were the whitest man ever I see," and he brushed some crumbs of cheese off the counter into the sugar barrel with his hand.

EDWARD JOHN BAKER.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The Knox College Glee club gave a concert in Dufferin Hall, Weston, on the evening of Friday, 27th ult.

A great many of the Knox students went to Parkdale one night last week to hear the Rev. Mr. Hall of New York. The expected speaker, however, did not arrive, and his place was filled by the Rev. H. M. Parsons.

Several changes have taken place in the Knox College residence. Mr. J. McD. Duncan has removed to Alexander street, and a number of freshmen have found their way into the building since the holidays.

The 'Varsity graduating class have made arrangements with Mr. Bruce for a class photo. The professors will be included in the picture, and a photograph of the building will also be inserted.

Among a large proportion of the students there is a strong feeling against the time-honored custom of hazing. Numerous letters have appeared on the subject. It is now proposed to give this sentiment a definite means of expression by the formation of a club, which shall be called the U. C. Non-hazing Union. In a circular just issued the objections to the practice are briefly and pointedly stated. The condition of membership will be the signing of a declaration approving of the objects of the society, which are (1) that its members shall withdraw from any share in the hazing of others; (2) that protection against hazing shall be afforded to all members of the union; (3) to bring about the total discontinuance of the practice. This will be sought simply by the legitimate exercise of the influence of the club, and if possible without stirring up any bitterness of feeling. The suggestion originated with Mr. T. C. Desbarres, and many have already joined the union.

Mr. Gordon Waldron was elected president of the Modern Language club by acclamation, for the remainder of the session. The intended election was set aside, owing to some technicality of the constitution. Essays were read by Messrs. J. N. Dales and J. P. Hubbard.

The delegates from Queen's and McGill to the meetings held this week in Association Hall were tendered a reception in the University Y. M. C. A. building on Thursday evening from 5 to 7. Short addresses were given by Dr. Wilson, J. A. Sparling and others. Refreshments were kindly provided by ladies interested.

College life is seldom interrupted by an announcement sadder or more sudden than that of the death of Mr. Hal Miller at his father's residence, St. Alban's street, on Sunday last after but a short week's illness. He had just entered on his college course with promise of brilliant success and was already known and loved by many of his fellow-students. The entire college will join in sympathy with his sorrowing friends.

Prof. Chapman's poem, East and West, is all the better in coming from a somewhat unexpected quarter. It will be read by many besides the students, and who of them does not remember his interesting little stories which cluster round granite and horneblende, and flavor the fossilized remains of the paleozoic age? By the way, 'my little book' will be somewhat ambiguous now.

Mr. W. A. Frost, M.A., will soon be ordained as a minister of the English church. His connection with a newspaper, which began after his graduation, has consequently been broken off, and his Cap and Gown column discontinued. Mr. Frost has succeeded in making items of college news interesting to the public, and our doings have generally been truthfully represented.

Queen's College had proposed to have an inter-collegiate debate with us. Their representatives will come here if accepted.

On the conversazione musical programme, besides the glee club, the following names appear: Mrs. Thompson and Miss Maud Burdette, Miss Jessie Alexander (recitation), Mr. Geo. MacGuire (clarionet solo), Miss Keys (violin solo) and four pupils of Carl Martens'.

TOGA.

The Servant Girl Question.

SIR—Having read the article in SATURDAY NIGHT on the servant girl question, advising a course of special instruction for them, I feel sure that if lists were opened for names in the newspapers, or at some central place, there would not be any difficulty in getting a large number of ladies to give something towards a Training School for Servants, or Domestic College, or whatever it is to be, and when the lists were full, a day might be appointed for them to pay in their subscriptions, elect officers, make rules and fairly start the enterprise.

Yours faithfully, SPERANZA.

SIR—It might not be a bad idea for the ladies employing domestic help, to meet and see if anything could be done towards improving the condition of working girls, by providing a place where they could be taught household work and cooking.

A NOT-DISCONTENTED MISTRESS.

An Accomplished Talker.

"That young Simkins is a very charming fellow. He was talking to me all the morning, and he was so clever."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he didn't say anything, but he put it so well."

An Honest Reply.

"What is your employment?" asked his honor of a prisoner arraigned for vagrancy the other day.

"Walking, sir."

"Where do you walk?"

"Well, that's according to which way the policeman is coming from."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Morning Compliments.

A light little zephyr came flitting,
Just breaking the morning repose.
The rose made a bow to the lily,
The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper,
As faint as a perfume that blows:
"You are brighter than I," said the lily;
"You are fairer than I," said the rose.

About Women.

Both the President and Mrs Cleveland are, by all accounts, thrifty and cautious people in regard to their expenditures. Mrs. Cleveland, it is said, never orders anything without the President's sanction, and that those know, say that he grasps the purse strings tightly and his fingers do not easily relax their hold. His wife does not rush blindfold into extravagance; on the contrary, she is averred to be in the habit of submitting the schedule of prices to her husband before she orders a bonnet or costume. She never gives her modiste carte blanche, as many fashionable women with more money to spend are in the habit of doing. The private fortune of the first lady in the land has been very much overestimated. Her personal income is a very modest one, and there is no doubt a good deal of cutting and contriving necessary to stretch it sufficiently to make both ends meets. Still, Mrs. Cleveland manages to keep up a deserved reputation for elegance. At the State dinner to the diplomatic corps, her dress was a poem in heliotrope and mauve. The petticoat of moire was of the palest heliotrope tint. Down one side ran a lattice work of pearl beads of the same tint, interlaced with gold threads and wrought in pansies. The panel alone cost, we are told, one hundred dollars, and the President's wife was delighted to find her class flower embodied in its natural colors, and purchased the dainty bit of embroidery forthwith. Over the jupe was draped a polonaise of violet velvet with a similar garniture. With this elegant costume Mrs. Cleveland wore her handsome parure of diamonds, and the effect of the sparkling gems in contrast with the dark velvet was very striking. A street dress of mahogany cloth is spoken of as one of the most stylish suits to be seen in Washington, and it is most becoming to the creamy complexion and dark hair of Madame la presidente.

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And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
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TO MATCH.
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.
Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs
AND
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Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.
Evening Ties all kinds.
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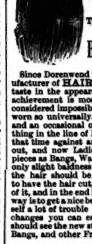
DORENWEND'S
Grand Display
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HAIR GOODS
To the Ladies and Gentlemen afflicted with
Baldness, Thin & Gray Hair, Etc.
Since Dorenwend first appeared in this country as a manufacturer of HAIR GOODS, great advancement in good taste in the appearance of the hair has been made. This achievement is most gratifying. In years gone by it was considered impossible to introduce such goods as would be worn so universally. Only persons who were entirely bald and an occasional one whose hair was very thin wore anything in the line of Hair Goods. Great prejudice existed at that time against anything in this line but it rapidly died out, and now Ladies with good heads of hair wear such pieces as Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., and Gentlemen with only slight baldness wear Toupees, etc. Style demands that the hair should be curly and wavy and it is very injurious to have the hair cut, curled and waved, it takes the life out of it, and in the end it will come out altogether. The simplest way is to get a nice becoming style of headdress and save yourself a lot of trouble and save your hair, and when the style changes you can easily change the headdress. Everyone should see the new styles of Ermine Petra, Cleveland, Shingle Bangs, and other Frontpieces, Wigs, Toupees, etc., at
A. DORENWEND'S
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A BIG STOCK OF THEATRICAL WIGS, MAKE-UPS, ETC., ON HAND.

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The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
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Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
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THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Personal Items.

Messrs. G. W. Dunn, Miss Eva Dunn and Mrs. T. Alison are spending the winter in Torquay, south of England.

On Wednesday evening a parlor social was held at Hazledean, the residence of Mr. Edward Lawson, West Toronto Junction. A very considerable sum was raised for furnishing the new Methodist church of the village, now nearing completion.

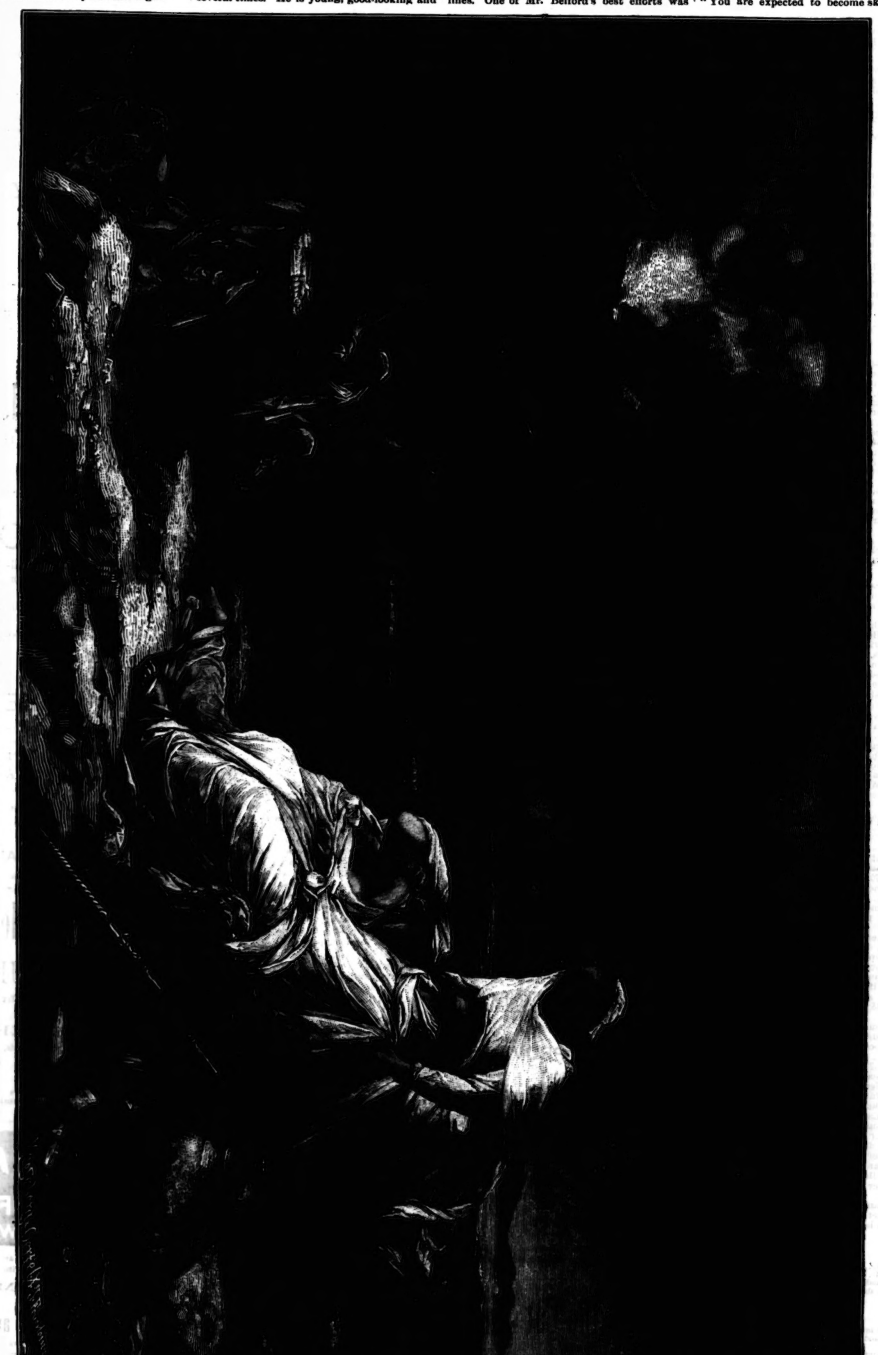
Mr. George Beardmore gave a nice little spread at his house on Beverley street, on Wednesday evening, to the retiring officers of St. George's society. During the past year, under Mr. Beardmore's presidency, the society has been very prosperous. The annual meeting was held in Shaftesbury hall last night.

George Belford.

On Monday and Tuesday nights of this week Association Hall was well filled with some of the best people of Toronto to welcome back to Canada Mr. Geo. Belford, the talented young English elocutionist who delighted Toronto audiences eighteen months ago in his humorous and dramatic recitals. Mr. Belford appeared the first night at a disadvantage, having only arrived from New York that afternoon, but the hearty plaudits of the audience met his every effort, and he had to respond to recalls several times. He is young, good-looking and graceful, and possessing a soft and cultured voice, needed no other qualification to capture at once the approval of the fairer sex which comprised the larger portion of his hearers. There is little doubt but that Mr. Belford has improved his talents in England, and he now stands in the front ranks of elocutionists. His programme was arranged so as to pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe in well-ordered progression. The Revenge, by Tennyson, was rendered in a stirring manner. It relates the gallant fight the English warship under Sir Richard Grenville made against fifty-three Spanish men-of-war. Mr. Belford's rendition called forth vividly the stern instincts of war. Spirited declamation is his forte, and in this line the audience had a splendid exhibition in the Midnight Charge of Kassassin. In this the hearer with the least without the least particle of vindictiveness. Outside of his office he is the same popular fellow as ever, and it is always a pleasure to be at one of his dinners.

particle of imagination—and imagination should always be largely in the command of an elocutionist's listeners to do him justice—could not fail to see portrayed the hurried signal along the line in the dark to prepare to charge! the fervid good-by and hand clasping, the mounting, the wild rush into the silent camp, the slashing sabre strokes and pistol shots in the desperate struggle, followed by the reforming of the line, the hard-breathing of horses and the "Well done, boys!" from the colonel.

Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, one of Dickens' quaint and humorous stories, followed. It showed careful study and evoked much laughter, but it must be said Mr. Belford seemed sometimes to forget the dialect. In fact, George Belford, and not Boots, at times spoke the lines. One of Mr. Belford's best efforts was heard in the Fall of the Pemberton Mill. In this by his facial expression, modulated tones and gestures which were themselves expressive of the horror and anguish of that fatal catastrophe, he so held the attention of his hearers that many tear-bedewed eyes bespoke his art. Rubenstein's Piano provoked almost uncontrollable laughter, and it was the gem of the evening. The entertainment of Tuesday evening excelled, if anything, that of Monday. Mr. Belford's entertainments were of a highly pleasing and refined order, and he is to be congratulated on his success.



DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

For Letterpress see page 6.

George Washington Badgerow, for many years member of the Local Legislature for East York, whose appointment as county crown attorney continues to give such universal satisfaction, entertained the city and county officials at a dinner at the Reform club on Wednesday evening, when nearly a hundred people sat down and an enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Badgerow presided, with Mr. T. C. Irving and Tom Bull in the vice-chairs. Hon. G. W. Ross made a very happy speech in reply to the Local Legislature and another in proposing the health of the host. But few men have the good fortune enjoyed by Mr. Badgerow of being sincerely congratulated by so large a circle of friends on the appointment to a responsible and lucrative post. In the discharge of his duties Mr. Badgerow has shown himself to be no respecter of persons, cool-headed, just, and

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for traveling dress)—Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara? Bridesmaid (envious)—A little at first, dear, but not after George had said 'I will'."

Vocations of Women---Nurses.

In reply to a correspondent who asks if shorthand writing is a good business for a woman of intelligence, the answer is "Yes," if she thoroughly masters her art, but the ranks are crowded with incompetents.

A lady inquires the way to enter the profession of hospital nursing. A letter to Dr. O'Reilly, of the Toronto Hospital, will doubtless secure the necessary information. Under the Nightingale Fund Scheme, as set forth in their book, the duties are described as very arduous.

"You are expected," says Miss Nightingale's instructions—for the fund was that raised as a testimonial to her by a grateful nation, and she personally, in applying it to found a nurse's training school, supervised the regulations—"You are expected to become skilful in the dressing of blisters, burns, sores, wounds; in applying fomentations, poultices, and minor dressings; in the administration of subcutaneous injections. In the application of leeches, externally and internally. In the best method of friction to the body and extremities. In the management of helpless patients, i. e., moving, changing, personal cleanliness of, feeding, keeping warm (or cool), preventing and dressing bed sores, managing position of. In bandaging, making rollers, lining of splints, etc. In making the beds of the patients, and removal of sheet whilst patient is in bed. You are required to attend at operations. To be competent to cook gruel, arrowroot, egg flip, puddings, drinks, for the sick. To understand ventilation, or keeping the ward fresh by night as well as by day; you are to be careful that great cleanliness is observed in all the utensils, those used for the secretions as well as those required for cooking. To make strict observation of the sick in the following particulars: The state of secretions, expectoration, pulse, skin, appetite; intelligence, as delirium or stupor; breathing, sleep, state of wounds, eruptions, forming of matter, effect of diet, or of stimulants, and of medicines. To take the temperature, pulse, respiration, and to learn the management of convalescents."

Any young lady who thinks that she has a vocation for nursing must ask herself if she feels willing and able to learn to do all this—and more. If so, she will read with interest the next article which I hope to write on the subject, giving particulars of how to enter on training for the nursing profession.

Fashion Gossip.

A correspondent of one of the English society papers writes of one of the Cinderella dances: The lights, too, are artistically subdued by having a kind of abat-jour, or, to coin a word, abat-gaz, interposed between them and the dancers, in the shape of golden yellow umbrellas inverted.

The gowns on Thursday were noticeably fresh for the most part, though one or two were more than soiled. I cannot find a prettily descriptive word to apply to the latter, so you must endeavor to imagine them. There is no nice word for things that are more than soiled, is there? Strange to say, one of the richest girls there had the soiledest gown on.

One or two women danced in trains, which I think is actionable. I saw several people stumble over these unexpected circumstances. One gray train was very funny. It stuck out at the back, just as though supported by a long curtain rod placed at an angle from the waist outward and downward. Neither of the train-wearers took the trouble to hold up their impediments, or even took in a reef by means of the usual loop, whereby a long dress is easily lifted clear from the ground.

A very pretty girl had done her hair a la Mary Anderson, and attired herself in a pink Empire frock. An unusually graceful dancer wore black with broad white moire ribbons brought down from the waist to the hem of the dress, and then turned upward again. Apropos of dancing, one girl kept her head on one side when she was waltzing, and never turned it. The effect was very ridiculous. A little lady in black struggled, and, as it were, propelled herself along, gasping, crimson, and dishevelled. One wondered why on earth she did it. It is so easy not to dance; and when it is such an unbecoming exercise as it certainly was in this instance, it would be well to abstain, if only out of consideration for others. A fair and elegant woman in black velvet had a wickedly small waist. She carried a fan of coral-colored feathers, which simply extinguished her coloring whenever she put it near her face. An exceedingly blonde little lady, with almost colorless hair and negative complexion, wore grenat silk unrelieved. It ought not to have suited her, but it did. There is no accounting for these surprising things.

A good gown, well carried, was in white satin, gathered in straight perpendicular lines with gold between. The bodice and short train were black velvet, the latter being lined with white satin. Two pretty sisters wore respectively black and white. They seemed in great demand, and no one who looked at them could feel surprised.

The sensible dances end at midnight, beginning at eight. This is ever so much better than beginning at ten or eleven and going on till two or three in the morning.

About children's frocks. For the year-old baby, two lovely little pelisses with bonnets to match. There is a lovely one of gold-colored matelasse cloth, edged all round with a band of beaver. The little bonnet is in velvet to match the cloth, with the quaintest crinkles all round the brim, and is trimmed with cloth and beaver. Another is crimson matelasse cloth trimmed with a wide band of soft chinchilla fur. The bonnet is all a nest of fur, out of which the little face will peep deliciously.

Mrs. Fashion says that children ought never to wear patent-leather shoes; they encourage chilblains. Nor should they be given kid gloves for cold weather; the little hands cannot keep warm in them. Such things are a vulgar attempt to carry too much style.

Grand Opera Concert.

Among the treats of next week will be a concert in the Pavilion, on Tuesday evening, February 7th, in aid of the House of Providence and Orphanage at Sunnyside. It is proposed that nothing but selections from Grand Opera will be offered, and among the names of the leading artists in Toronto will be found Miss Harrita L. Cheney, Messrs. Sebuch, Taylor, Kirk, etc. Lovers of music will do well not to miss this chance of hearing gems of Grand Opera, well rendered, apart from the assistance the small amount for each ticket will be to the two very deserving institutions named. Miss Cheney from New York City, who has studied Grand Opera under the special direction of Theodore Thomas, has charge of the programme and will doubtless give us something unusually fine.

The Wages of Sin.

All next week H. R. Jacobs' Co. will appear at the Toronto Opera House in the great melodrama The Wages of Sin. An exchange says: The piece abounds in many thrilling climaxes, which excite profound applause. Mr. F. McCabe's acting as George Brand, the curate, was very effective, and drew forth hearty rounds of applause. Mr. King Hedley, as Stephen Marler, acted the villain to perfection, and in his delirium tremens scene was applauded to the echo. Miss Etelka Wardell, as Ruth Hope, the unhappy wife of Stephen Marler, showed considerable dramatic power in a very trying part. Miss Annie Wood, as Jemima Blogge, formerly in the "coal and 'tater line," and Miss Alberta Gallatin, as Juliana, her daughter, an aspiring actress, created rounds of merriment. The rest of the support is very good.

A little boy who had been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked—Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?

R. C. Y. Club Ball.

The description of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball will appear in the second edition, as it is held too late for insertion in the issue which has to catch the trains for the country.

Out of Town.

MONTREAL.

It is said that over seven hundred invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Margaret Charlotte Smith, only daughter of Sir Donald A. and Lady Smith. The ceremony will be performed by his lordship Bishop Bond, assisted by the rector of Montreal, Dr. Norris, in Christ Church Cathedral at two o'clock on Wednesday, February 8. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride's father from three till five.

Two other fashionable marriages will take place before Lent, that of Judge Loranger, who is to espouse the charming young widow of the late Mr. Varin, clerk of the Court of Appeal; and that of Miss Desbarats, daughter of Mr. Geo. Desbarats, the well-known lithographer and engraver, who will be married to Mr. De Blaquiere of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. De Blaquiere is a descendant of Lord De Blaquiere, who settled in Canada in the early part of the century.

A grand fancy dress ball will be given at Tonontelh, the residence of Mr. Andrew Allan, on Shrove Tuesday.

Last week a very charming leap-year ball was given at Ravenscrag, the residence of the family of the late Sir Hugh Allan.

On Wednesday evening the third of the fortnightly hunt balls took place at the Kennels, and proved a great success despite the unusually inclement weather. Even ten below zero does not daunt bright Canadian girls, when wrapped in warm furs and snug sleigh robes, especially when a brilliant ball-room lies before them as a beacon light. Much regret was expressed at the absence, through slight indisposition, of Mrs. Hugh Paton, the charming wife of the popular M. P. H. The guests were charmingly received by Mrs. Joseph Hickson, assisted by Mrs. J. K. C. Strathy. The committee, Messrs. A. Allen, C. Campbell, and C. Galarneau were indefatigable in their efforts to make the evening enjoyable to all.

The Misses Wiman, Celine, and Whileby of New York were much admired, as were also many of our own society belles who graced the event.

On Saturday afternoon, February 4th, a large reception and dance will be given at the residence of Mr. Fred. T. Judah, Dorchester street. These five o'clock teas with dancing are becoming quite popular, especially among the young people, and there are several charming young girls in Mr. Judah's family.

A large reception and dance takes place this evening at the residence of Mr. Richard White of the *Gazette*, on the occasion of his daughter making her debut.

A large juvenile party was given this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McDonough, 2 Milton street.

One of the most charming juvenile parties of the season was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donahue of St. Catherine street, while another most delightful affair was that by Mrs. L. M. Foster last Friday, when over one hundred little people were present.

The annual drive and dinner of the Contractors took place yesterday. The dinner was held in the St. Lawrence Hall, the president, Mr. Louis Allard occupying the chair, and among the guests were the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, speaker of the House of Commons, the Hon. James McShane, the Hon. Bouchor de la Bruyere, Messrs. L. O. David, M. P. P., E. Larens, M. P. P., the Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. W. W. Lynch, and many others.

The Rev. Dr. Norman, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, leaves on the first of March to take the rectorship of Quebec. A testimonial will be presented to him by a number of his friends before his departure.

The Philharmonic Society under the able management of Professor Coiture is doing good work this winter, as will be proved by the forthcoming concerts during the first week of April.

A most important meeting of our leading citizens was held in the Windsor Hotel this week. We understand the meeting was convened at the instance of Messrs. Dugald Graham and Mr. Hollis Sohrey, two of our most public-spirited men; men whose opinions are well worthy consideration since they have each proved eminently successful in their own affairs. Mr. Graham moved; "That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable to organize an association which shall have for its object the development and promotion of all matters calculated to improve the city of Montreal." Mr. Nolan Delisle seconded the motion, and the Hon. Louis Beaubien made a stirring speech full of wit and clever local hits, which quite roused the enthusiasm of the meeting. He declared that "If we had one-tenth the push of the people of Toronto or the United States we should have gobbled up the whole island before this." Several great schemes of improvement were brought up, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Shorey are now getting up the subject thoroughly to lay before the public their plans and projects for a complete reorganization of our city management and a public spirited organization of reform and progress.

A number of our wealthy citizens are spending the winter months in warmer climes. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dawes and Mr. Duncan Robertson left for Florida this week. Mr. Andrew Robertson is now in Virginia.

Mrs. S. B. Shorey, with Miss and Master Shorey, are in South Carolina.

Mr. M. S. Foley, publisher of the *Journal of Commerce*, leaves for Florida with Mrs. Foley and family next week.

The Hon. Honore Mercier, with Mrs. Mercier, left for Florida, but is said to be now on his way to la belle France.

However, life in Montreal is not all balls and parties or merry as wedding bells. Want and privation continually obtrude themselves even among the coteries of our highest class. Several sad cases of great and sudden reverses have lately been brought to our notice. One is that of a lady who three or four years ago ranked among the wealthiest and most exclusive, and is now obliged to part with her valuables to procure the necessaries of life. Another sad case is that of a young couple who have two sweet children, and until very lately were in quite comfortable circumstances, the husband earning a good salary, to which they unfortunately lived up, without laying by anything for a rainy day. Now the husband has lost his situation, and they have been brought to the necessity of appealing to friends for help.

God help the poor in this bitter season! And God help those who, accustomed to every comfort, are suddenly brought to see their little ones in want.

GERVASE.

CLINTON.

On Friday evening last the Clinton toboggan club opened the new slide, which is situated in the vacant field opposite Mr. R. Irwin's residence. The weather was all that could be desired, and everybody enjoyed it most heartily. The club started off very favorably with a membership of over eighty.

The bachelors are anxiously looking forward to a grand leap year party to be given by the ladies very shortly in honor of Mr. C. H. Smith, who is about leaving town for the West Indies. It is expected this will surpass any ball yet given in Clinton, as the ladies are working very hard to make it a great success.

Mr. Jas. Fair, jr., left last Wednesday morning for Chatham.

Miss McCrae of Hamilton is the guest of Miss E. Reeve.

Miss M. Cavin of Paris is visiting friends at the post office.

Miss N. Fair left Monday on an extended visit to Toronto and other eastern cities.

Mr. G. Hoare's huge band is making rapid progress, and the citizens are anxiously awaiting its first appearance. It is intended to make this one of the largest bands in Western Ontario.

RIDEAU HALL.

The following ladies and gentlemen were invited to dinner at Government House on Tuesday, January 24: Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Chapleau, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Aylwin Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. and Miss Gisborne, Mrs. Miss and Mr. T. C. Gordon, Captain and Mrs. Gourdeau, Rev. E. and Mrs. Hannington, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haycock, Dr. and Mrs. T. Hotchkiss, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lamontagne, Mr. C. L. Lawrence, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Powell, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson, Dr. and Mme. St. Jean, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stark, Sir George Stephen, Bart., Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Capt. and Mrs. Toller, Mr. and Mme. Trudeau, Mr. W. F. Whitcher, Mr. Wicksteed.

NEWMARKET.

The Newmarket bicycle club held their annual supper at the Commercial hotel on Thursday evening, January 25. After the supper was over the tables were cleared and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given followed by a number of volunteer toasts. The boys enlivened the evening by a number of club songs Dr. Widdifield, M.P.P., Hon. President of the club, occupied the chair. There were about thirty present. E. S. CAUL.

(Left over from Last Week.)

LONDON.

On Tuesday evening last Mrs. Blinn, Talbot street, entertained a large party of friends. Dancing was of course the chief feature of the evening, and was vigorously indulged in until three o'clock the following morning.

Thursday evening was one of the Cinderella club parties, given by Mrs. Simpson Smith, London south, was well attended, particularly by the young people. The distance from town no doubt accounted for the absence of many of the married people that you usually meet at these entertainments. Amongst those present were Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Miss Maude Meredith, Miss Constance Meredith, Miss Madelon Meredith, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Mackinnon, Miss Mackinnon, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Le Moyne Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, Miss Annie Macbeth, Miss McDonough, Miss Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Macfie, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Chisholm, Miss Gordon, Miss Labatt, Miss McLimont, Miss Laing, Miss Graham, Miss Harris and Miss Rich, Messrs. Walkem, Anderson, Thomas J. Labatt, H. Cronyn, Wadsworth, Wood, Dawson, Auriff, Kilgour, Reed, Calder, Gates, Taylor and H. Macbeth. Mrs. Simpson Smith and her daughters are such capital hostesses that failure to enjoy oneself at their parties would be an almost impossible thing.

Mr. W. Ramsay has come down from Calgarry to visit some of his old friends here. He has given such glowing accounts of his new home that we fear we shall lose one of our London belles in consequence.

Hon. John Carling, Mrs. Carling and Miss Louie Carling are paying a brief visit to their home, Cedar Grove. Their absence from town during the winter season has been much regretted by all classes; their kindness, hospitality and charity being far spread. Truly in this case Ottawa's gain is London's loss.

GODERICH.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Rich gave one of her pleasant entertainments, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, her rooms were well filled. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Redmond Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macdonald, Mrs. Burn, Mr. F. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Chilton, Mr. Darbison.

On Thursday last the ladies of St. George's church gave the second of their series of At Homes, which was attended by a large and fashionable circle.

Friday evening was made memorable by a card party at the hospitable residence of Mr. S. Malcomson, and, as is usual with such a host, the evening proved a great social success. Amongst those present were Mr. M. G. Cameron, Dr. Holmes, Mr. George Drummond, Mr. D. Macdonald, Mr. P. Holt, Mr. James Strachan, Mr. W. Horton, Mr. Stark, Mr. Williams, Mr. Johnston.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Company.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of this company was held on Wednesday at the company's office, No. 70 Church street, Toronto.

The financial results of the year's business show that the profits, after deducting all charges, amount to $153,782.42, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting, together with the income tax thereon, to $133,192.40. The balance remaining, $20,583.02, has been carried to the Contingent Fund.

The amount placed with the Company by Investors, on Deposit and in Debentures, continues to increase—the Deposits now being $1,292,027, and Debentures $2,561,002; or a total of $3,853,809, as against $3,784,672 last year.

The amount of money loaned on mortgage security during the year is $1,105,539.02, and there has been paid back by borrowers $1,339,256.74, viz., in Manitoba $123,969.59, and in Ontario that $1,215,287.15.

The increasing volume of the Company's business rendered it necessary, during the past year, to further increase the Capital Stock, and the Directors therefore issued 10,000 new shares of Capital Stock, at a premium equal to the existing Reserve Fund, and upon which twenty per cent. was called in. The whole issue was taken up and the premium carried to the Reserve Fund.

The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Platt's death has been filled by the election of the Manager, Mr. Walter S. Lee, to be a member of the Board.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith. G. W. ALLAN, President.

HIGHLIGHTS.

To Shareholders.

Capital stock	$1,400,000 00
Reserve fund	700,000 00
Contingent and guarantee fund	101,258 09
Dividend payable 5th January, 1888	66,157 01
	$2,267,409 10

To the Public.

Deposits and interest	$1,292,807 58
Debentures and interest	2,561,002 16
	3,853,809 74
Sundry accounts	853 22
	$6,202,072 06

ASSETS.

Loans, secured by mortgages	$5,907,995 23
Office premises	19,895 54
Cash in office	249 61
Cash in banks	244,044 00
Cash in bankers' hand in Great Britain	29,428 92
Sundry accounts	459 76
	$6,202,072 06

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Cost of management, including salaries, rent, inspection, valuation, office expenses, branch office, etc.	$ 37,945 29
Directors' compensation	2,500 00
Dividends and tax thereon	133,192 40
Interest on deposits	50,110 90
" " debentures	121,610 93
Agents' commissions on loans and debentures	7,433 69
Carried to contingent and guarantee accounts	20,583 02
	$374,570 20
Interest on mortgages, etc.	374,570 20
	$374,570 20

WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.

The retiring members of the Board were re-elected, viz: The Hon. Geo. W. Allan, Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., and Thomas H. Lee.

These gentlemen and Messrs. George Gooderham, George W. Lewis, Alfred Gooderham, with Walter S. Lee as managing director, constitute the full Board.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors the Hon. Geo. W. Allan was re-elected president, and Mr. George Gooderham vice-president, also re-elected.

How Ella Wheeler Wilcox Looks at a Man.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the professional passionless poetess, has been resting from her poetry awhile in Chicago. Attacked by a Chicago *News* reporter she has expressed her sentiments on a particular subject as follow:

"I look at a man this way: He's good enough for a lover—ah! he is very nice for a lover—and does very well for a husband, but for a friend—ah! there is where he is lacking. * * That is the point, that is what you men want—the earth. Now, when I was a girl I was very fond of men—I am yet. But when I was a girl I imagined a man was superior to a woman in every way. I thought he would make the best friend in the world. But before long I began to know them better. A man is never a disinterested person. He wants something. He may be very nice and attentive and sweet to you, but just watch him awhile and you'll see that he isn't going away empty-handed if he can help it. He wants value received, and if he makes up his mind that he isn't getting it that's the last you see of him. Where a woman is concerned friend has no meaning for him. A woman's best friend is another woman."

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Among the names of the leading artists in Toronto will be found—Miss Harietta L. Cheney, Mrs. Anglin, Messrs. Schuch, Taylor, Kirk, Signor Boucher and Mr. Carl Martens.

Miss Cheney, from New York city, who has studied under the special direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, has charge of the programme. This in itself is enough to guarantee something unusually fine.

Seats may be reserved at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's and I. Suckling & Sons on and after February 1st.

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HARRY WEBB'S

WEEKLY

The *consumer* being the person we wish to build up (as in building him up we *fatten ourselves*) we venture a few remarks, and fulfill our promise to SATURDAY NIGHT by contributing weekly, and thus kill two birds with one stone. But we must be *concise*, or we should fatten the editor too. Competition is the life of trade, but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. Therefore what we want is, not too much, but enough to keep the *manufacturer* or *producer energetic*, or busy enough to keep his wits about him, to make both ends meet, as not unfrequently competition becomes so keen that it fairly demoralizes prices, and leads to those small, contemptible devices that put an end to public confidence, and sway goes the general interests of trade. As every branch of industry requires the public confidence in the *integrity* of those engaged in it. Let the public at once understand that no *genuine business* man has any desire to uphold any monopolies or to practice extortion. The test is the purity of the goods, the quality of which determines their just value, and this brings the quality and price into *perfect harmony* and makes adulteration both unpopular and unprofitable, which fact a discerning public will soon recognize and profit thereby.

We do not in any way wish to belittle our neighbors, or competitors in trade, and make no odious comparisons, we simply say, our goods are as pure as the best materials can make them, and as novel in *design* as the best skilled hands that we can import or educate can manipulate.

If any of the above remarks hurt anybody, as Sam Jones says "They must be hit," but if these good people do not adulterate their goods (those who say they sell so cheap)—why then *we don't mean them, that's all*, and if they do not sell *pure goods and well made at a fair price*, then let them take a leaf out of our book, and they will be benefited both morally and financially, and may live to thank us for the timely advice.

The moral of all which is Buy your goods Pure and Elegant from a reliable house and don't be humbugged into doing anything else.

Estimates submitted for anything in our line from a *Copper Bun* to a "Gov. General's Ball," or a *Delmonician Dinner* or a *Princess's Wedding Dejeuner*.

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